

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

*A Quarterly Review
of Literature, Science and Art.*

NEW SERIES

VOLUME 1

1926

KRAUS REPRINT CORPORATION

New York

1967

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF
LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE

VOLUME 1
NUMBER 1

Printed in U.S.A.

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The subscription rate is 10s. 6d. per annum to any address.

Advertisement rates may be obtained on application to the Manager.

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VOL. I. No. 1.
(New Series)

JANUARY—MARCH 1926.

Price 2/6

Editorial

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE, in its monthly form, has been in existence since August, 1923. It has tried to be something, and to mean something, to all lovers of art and literature. It has had convincing testimonies to success in the realisation of its aspirations. In its new issue as a quarterly magazine, it sets out to enlarge its sphere and to give space to many aspects hitherto undeveloped. The magazine has aimed at æsthetic reconstruction, at making a definite and practical effort towards reawakening in Ireland the unifying spirit of art, towards fostering the creative side of the national individuality in order that the country may gain the power of expressing her nobler values in the world. One periodical, at least, of a purely non-sectarian and non-political character, would seem to be a necessity to any modern country which hopes to voice its artistic and literary life.

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE attempts to look at life primarily and profoundly from an Irish point of view. It has never taken its nationality in any parochial sense. While consistently seeking for expressions of national thought and sentiment it has perpetually insisted on literary quality as an essential. Its pages have always been open to any contributions in harmony with its aims. It aspires to show forth the inner quality rather than the superficial characteristics of our race. It desires to attract, not to exclude, the rays of living contemporary thought.

And while in its new form the magazine will have greater freedom for the expression of its outlook upon life and art, its freedom will be construed entirely in conformity with spiritual principles. For freedom of thought and utterance are only of value in so far as they are capable of reflecting the spiritual basis of being, in which truth and beauty exist, and in which they are everlastingly recreating themselves. There is no other freedom worth having. And those who want so-called freedom for any lesser aim, whether to wound an enemy or to revel in the base, will find in the end that they are merely desecrating and violating their own personal sanctities. And when men fight bitterly and persecute one another for what they think are eternal and unalterable truths, it is almost always found that it is the errors in their conceptions of truth that lead to such torturing distractions, for the one self-evident and completely established demonstration of truth is its harmonising and unifying power.

We have in Ireland poets, story-tellers, essayists, and others who catch stray glimpses of the shining life of abiding things that it is literature's highest office to preserve for humanity. We have also writers of scholarship or of expert knowledge in craft, economics, science, or the happenings of the age, who have proved themselves skilled in the ancient and provocative art of arousing vital interest in their subjects. THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE asks no better fate than to be looked upon as a hostel on the edge of the future for the gathering together of adventurers such as these.



The Miracle

By SELMA LAGERLÖF.

(Translated from the Swedish by GERDA SINCLAIR.)

A poor farm labourer and his wife walked down the main street in Palermo. The woman was leading a donkey, whilst the husband, following her, urged the animal on with his stick. Trudging along, they caught sight of a monk standing at a street corner preaching. He was surrounded by a crowd of people, who were shrieking with laughter.

"Let us stop for a minute and listen to what he has to say," said the wife. "He seems to be a jolly fellow, and I see no reason why we should not wind up our day with a good laugh."

"Neither do I," responded the husband. "The work is finished for to-day, so why shouldn't we have a little amusement, all the more as it doesn't cost us anything!"

Elbowing themselves forward through the crowd, they got near enough to distinguish the features of the speaker. Instead of the jester they expected to see, this man was the very opposite as he stood there speaking with impressive earnestness, which, nevertheless, only evoked fresh outbursts.

"What in the world can it be all about?" mused the old woman. "The monk looks reverent enough, so I don't see why they should laugh at him."

Someone close by heard her and replied:

"You must not be surprised by our laughter. This monk comes from Lucca in Italy, and he is begging money for a holy image which is kept in some church there. This image, he declares, is powerful enough to repay each gift offered to it a hundred times over. Can you imagine anything more ridiculous?"

"I am only an ignorant peasant," whispered the old man to his wife, "and perhaps that accounts for my not seeing why he should find it so amusing."

They edged nearer until they could hear the monk speaking, and although he was perfectly sincere, the townspeople refused to take him seriously, and at every sentence he uttered they made more free with their jests.

"I can't understand these people," said the wife. "How is it they don't see that this is a splendid opportunity? I only wish I had got something to give to the image."

"You are quite right," the husband responded; "one can see that he is an honest man who knows what he is talking about. If I were one of these rich townsfolk I shouldn't hesitate to give all my wealth to the image in order to get the reward."

"I wish you would carry out what you are saying," she exclaimed. "After all, we are not absolutely poor. Haven't we got our vegetable garden, our cottage and our old donkey? They wouldn't fetch much if they were all sold, but just think of the money being returned to us a hundred times over! We should then be assured of our bread for the rest of our lives."

"You take the very words out of my mouth," he replied. "All our lives we have struggled and worked hard without being any richer for it, and soon enough the time will come when we are no longer able to support ourselves. We must therefore not lose this chance which will enable us to look forward to an old age free from care."

Their minds were made up, and on the next day they called to see their neighbour, a sensible and well-to-do farmer, to ask him if he would buy their property. The farmer had for some time coveted the small garden plot bordering his own farm, and was glad at the offer, but before closing the deal he, as a good friend, was anxious to find out what the old couple were going to live on when they had sold their belongings, and this nearly upset the whole transaction.

"It is true," he said, after they told him of their plans, "that I have wanted your garden in order to cut a road across the fields, but when I hear how foolishly you intend to spend the money I cannot take the responsibility of granting your request. You have been my neighbours for more than thirty years, and I do not wish to see you ruined."

The old couple reminded him that the monk had said they would be repaid a hundred times over.

"Why not just as well a thousand times!" was the rejoinder. "All monks say these things out of habit, without expecting to be taken seriously."

The farmer raised all the objections an honest man is bound to make in such a case, but when they threatened to sell their property to another neighbour, he at last surrendered and bought it from them.

"Here is the money," he said, as he counted out thirty florins, "but don't blame me when it is all gone and you are obliged to go begging!"

"When you see us next time," said the woman, "we shall have a

hundred times as many florins as to-day, so there will be no need to trouble you or anybody else."

"Very well!" the farmer laughed, "as you are so mad, it is no use talking sense to you. However, I should like to know what your first step is going to be."

"Our first step?" echoed the husband. "What else could we do but go to Lucca and offer our gift to the holy image?"

"I believe that monk was a magician to have turned your heads like that," the farmer burst out heatedly. "How can you believe it possible for a holy image to repay you up to the very penny? Or why should you, more than anyone else, be helped in this supernatural way? If you only knew how much I have sacrificed to St. Rosalie of Palermo and other saints on account of my daughter, who has been ill for over a year! And do you think I have been helped? No, I tell you that none of the holy saints has ever moved as much as a finger on her behalf. She will probably leave me soon, and then there will be no more happiness for me in this world."

He waved his farewells, and, overcome by grief, hurriedly went into the house.

"Truly no one is spared from sorrow," said the wife, as she dried her tears and they watched him disappear. "We must not forget to beseech the holy image to enlighten our neighbour as to why his prayers have not been heard! He is a good man and deserves to keep his favourite child."

After having tenderly parted with their faithful old donkey, there was nothing to detain them from their journey to Lucca. They decided to walk the whole way, so as not to diminish the thirty florins, and to beg their food and lodgings for the night as they tramped along. On their arrival at the harbour of Messina they picked out a small ferry boat, and were just going to embark when they were stopped by the ferry-man, a poor galley-slave, who was heavily chained to his boat.

"Oh no, my Christian brethren!" he said, "you can't go on board before you each have paid half a florin for the passage." He scowled at the pilgrims for having arrived at noon, when the heat was at its worst, and he was entitled to a couple of hours' rest.

"My friend," replied the husband, "no doubt you mistake us for beggars wishing to impose on you, but this is not so. We are on our way to Italy to get interest on our money, and on our return we shall most likely be rich enough to pay you five florins, if you should so

wish. Only take us across this time without payment and you shall not regret it."

The galley-slave raised his head a little as he squinted at them through his half-closed eyes, then he settled down again.

"You look as if you had got some money to be paid interest on," he scoffed.

"As true as I am alive!" was the reply. "I have no less than thirty florins in my bag, but they are intended for someone who repays every gift a hundredfold. Perhaps this will make you appreciate the reason why I don't want to break into the sum, but would rather pay you on my return."

The ferry-man looked up with a little more interest. "Tell me who it is that repays you in this way?"

"Who else could it be but the holy image at Lucca!" exclaimed the old man. At this the galley-slave burst out laughing bitterly.

"I will tell you something," he said. "Although I ought to demand half a florin from each passenger, this is my free time, and I am justified in taking you across without payment. No, please don't thank me, for it would be kinder to leave you where you are; but as I don't want to be charitable, I shall take you across to Italy. When you once have got there, you will easily find your way to Lucca, and then you will see how you have been swindled."

He beckoned them to take their places, and never uttered a word until they landed at Reggio, when he resumed his bitter discourse.

"As you are convinced that the image will assist you, let me tell you that nobody can have offered up more prayers than I have done. I also ought to have been helped, for I am sitting here, linked to the oars, not because of any crime, but as the result of an injustice. The angels in heaven should interfere in such cases, but none of them has given me a helping hand."

The wife remarked, on leaving the boat, that there was more sorrow and unhappiness in the world than she had imagined.

"Yes, that is true," agreed her husband, "and don't let us forget to pray to the holy image that this man may be released from his suffering!"

For weeks and months they wandered on, till at last one evening they arrived at Lucca.

"Let us go into the cathedral at once," said the wife, "to see the holy image."

"Yes, we must hurry, because it can't be long before the services are over and the churches close."

As soon as the cathedral came into view they started running, and yet they were too late. The sacristan was on the steps, fastening the heavy bunch of keys to his belt as they approached.

"Oh, Mr. Sacristan, Mr. Sacristan!" began the woman, who arrived first, "do be merciful and let us into the church for a few seconds. We have come all the way from Palermo on purpose to offer a gift to the holy image which is kept in this church."

"Mr. Sacristan," joined in the old man, interrupting his wife, "we are no beggars; here is a purse containing thirty florins which we intend to present to your all-powerful image, because we know that we shall be rewarded a hundred times over."

In their eagerness they caught hold of his cape, and he thought he had a couple of lunatics to deal with.

"What is the matter with you?" he cried out. "The church is closed for to-day, and no service will be held until to-morrow morning."

"My dear friend," said the woman, "we have not come to hear the service, but to present our gift to the holy image. You must know all about it, as it was a monk from this town who spoke of it at Palermo."

"I don't understand a word of what you are saying, so you had better tell me all about it."

Whilst they related their story from the beginning the sacristan thought, as they were so persistent, it was no use attempting to prevent them getting into the church, but while he undid the heavy bolts he made a last attempt to disillusion them.

"It is true that there is an old image of the Crucified in this church, but it is in a very poor condition, where it hangs unobtrusively on a pillar, and nobody comes to worship at its feet. I can swear to it that during the twenty-five years I have been here no miracle has ever happened."

The two old people were greatly astonished.

"Oh, my friends," continued the sacristan, "if this image is as powerful as you say, I wish it would tend the rose tree that stands close to these walls. It used to be my greatest joy to see it fill this corner right up to the tower with the most beautiful blooms. For some years past the tree has ceased to blossom, though I water it and

take great care of it. I cannot understand why it doesn't retain its former glory."

He sighed deeply, and looked so distressed that the pilgrims assured him that they would ask the holy image the reason why the rose tree did not bloom any longer, but he did not seem to attach any importance to their promises.

"Be as quick as you can," he said, opening the door, "and I will wait for you outside. You will find the image on the pillar close to the burning lamp."

The church, with its few narrow windows, was in darkness when they entered. They could see a red light in the distance, but they had some difficulty in finding their way without knocking against pillars and monuments. The wife nearly fell down some steps, and drew back frightened.

"Keep still for a minute till our eyes get accustomed to the darkness," whispered the husband, who was too much impressed by the sacredness of the place to speak loudly. It appeared to them at that moment as if the little red flame had split into two, and that one part of it flitted round the church until all the candles on the altar and the chandeliers were lit up.

"Look, somebody is lighting the candles," said the woman. "It will be easy to find our way now."

"Yes," he replied, "the sacristan was more kindly disposed than we imagined; he must have come in through the vestry on purpose to light up for us."

The whole church glittered with light; the old people, however, were so taken up by their own thoughts that they did not wonder at it any longer.

"Perhaps it is to celebrate some festival," whispered the wife. "In any case I am glad the candles are lit, it makes it more impressive. I wish now somebody would play the organ!"

Scarcely had she spoken before a faint murmur reverberated from the organ loft.

"This evening you seem to get everything you wish for," said the husband. "Anything more lovely than this music I have never heard, not even in the cathedral of Palermo."

"It is so sweet that one could imagine an angel was playing. I wish the church could be filled with incense, for the fragrance of it always makes me feel that I am in a holy place."

The words had hardly escaped her lips before the old man called

out with emotion : "Did you ever smell anything as exquisite as this? Nothing could be more perfect!"

There was nobody to be seen wafting the vessel of incense, nor did any organist appear in the organ loft, but their minds were too much occupied with the object of their search to dwell on these matters. Slowly and reverently they walked up the nave, and were met half-way by a tall, beautiful woman dressed in a blue gown and red mantle. She wore a small crown of pearls and precious stones, and her arms and neck were adorned with jewels. She gave them a friendly smile and asked them what they were searching for at this late hour.

"Gracious Queen!" said the old woman joyfully, for never had she seen a more lovely face. "My husband and I have come to offer our gift to the holy figure of the Crucified which hangs in this church." And, faithful to their habit, they related the whole story from the very evening they had heard the monk preach in Palermo until they met the sacristan outside the church. It seemed to them as if the stranger's face became more sad as the story proceeded.

"It is not for me to say if your hopes will be fulfilled," she said when they had finished, "but I doubt it. God cannot always grant the wishes of His children. It might be that they are made to suffer for some wrong they had committed. Take the sacristan, for example. He complains because a rose tree of which he is very fond does not bloom any longer, little thinking that this is meant as a warning to him. For several years he has neglected the figures of the saints which you see round here, and does not keep the gilt on their crowns in repair, or attend to the damage which they suffer during the many processions. He finds it hard to bear that God does not grant him his wish, but he must first learn to attend to these things before he can hope to be heard."

"Ah, well!" the old couple sighed, "we thought something like that must account for it all. Surely we have sinned more than he has, but we have come here trustful to the promise given us."

The beautiful lady raised her eyebrows a little and continued in the same mild tone of voice.

"It is good to have a strong faith, but that alone is not sufficient for God to hear your prayers. You might easily ask for something which would be harmful to you. Just now you told me of the poor galley-slave who takes the ferry boat between Messina and Reggio. Only a few years ago he was a rich merchant and a good man, but

he was too self-indulgent, and would most probably have died long ago had not God brought this calamity on him. This is what happened : a thief who stole a jewelled crown belonging to St. Mary, in order to evade suspicion, picked out one of its precious stones and placed it in the merchant's pocket. As this stone was found in his possession, he was accused of being the robber of the holy Virgin's crown, and, notwithstanding his assurances of innocence, he was sentenced to be a galley-slave for the rest of his life. Nothing could be easier than to prove his innocence, because the thief hid the crown in the church loft and left it there. But how can God permit this man to be set free before his heart is changed?"

"Dear lady!" said the old man, "we guessed as much, and are glad you have told us the story. We don't know if our own wishes may turn out for good or evil, but only pin our faith on the promise given to us."

Again the beautiful apparition before them raised her eyebrows as a sign of impatience at their persistence, but went on in a voice that became gentler the longer she spoke.

"It is all very well to have a firm belief, but that is not enough. God may want to teach you first of all to be content with the good things you have got. This reminds me of your neighbour, the rich farmer, outside Palermo. Besides his sick daughter he has another who is plain and deformed, and on that account he has always treated her badly. Yet she is clever and industrious, and a great help to him. God has been so much touched by her suffering that he has sent this illness to her sister, who could easily be cured of it, as it only originates from a poisoned comb which an ill-natured Arab woman sold to her, but she may have to die from it unless her father learns to love both his children alike."

"Gracious lady," exclaimed the old woman, "the longer I listen to you the more convinced I am of the Almighty's wisdom and justice. Truly we two old people have many times omitted to thank Him for His many blessings, still we rely on the promise given to us."

The tenderest smile lit up the features of the noble lady, and, beckoning them to follow her, she said :

"I have warned you, but I see that it is impossible to stop you. Think it over once more before you part with your florins!"

Without waiting for an answer, she brought them to a pillar on which hung a large Crucifix. This figure of Christ was so unlike any

pictures of the Crucified they had ever seen that they turned to their companion to make sure they had gone right.

"This figure is very old and badly preserved," she said, "but truly it represents my Son, the Crucified Saviour."

The old people were so occupied in gazing at the holy image that they did not realise the full significance of her words. They were surprised to see the figure dressed in a short, tight-fitting gown made of some black material, with a girdle round the waist and wooden sandals on the feet.

"You are evidently distressed, and had pictured the Saviour whom you expect to help you quite differently."

"Most gracious Queen," said the man, "we think nothing of the kind. We are happy not to have recognised Him all at once, for we know that in such manner He lived down here on earth, unimportant in His outward appearance, and that people at first failed to realise that He was the Son of God."

The smile on the stranger's face was radiant.

"Offer your gift to Him then!" she said.

The two old people knelt with bowed heads.

"O Christ, Son of God," they said, "accept our offering and hear our prayer! Here are the thirty florins we received when we sold our cottage, our garden, and our old donkey. We have carried them all the way from Sicily, because we know that Thou wilt return a hundredfold each gift offered to Thee. Do not permit our faith to be shattered, but give us enough to look forward to an old age free from care."

The husband placed the purse in front of the pillar, and once more they repeated the same words without raising their heads. Then suddenly they heard a creaking sound from above, and, looking up, they noticed that the wooden figure had freed one arm and foot from the nails by which they were fastened. The wife clutched her husband's hand, but neither of them spoke. Their hearts beat with holy expectation, and they both felt more sure than ever that their prayer would be heard. With a sudden movement the figure of Christ shed the wooden sandal and let it drop at the side of the worshippers. Whereupon the holy image resumed its former position and looked down upon them with the same sorrowful expression as before. It was all over in a moment, and they would not have believed their own eyes had not the sandal been on the floor before them. It was an ordinary sandal with wooden sole and leather

straps, without any ornamentation, and therefore worthless. It appeared to the noble lady, who still kept at their side, as if the old people were disappointed.

"Ah!" she said feelingly, "this sandal is a poor return for your great gift. But it is not yet too late for you to change your mind. You can let it remain where it is and take your florins back."

The old couple regarded her almost reproachfully.

"Gracious lady, what do you mean?" they exclaimed. "The holy image has given us all it could in its poverty, and has performed a miracle in order to give us this sandal. Surely that is a thousand times more worth than our poor florins."

"You are the right servants of my Son," she said, "and your trust in Him shall not be defeated. God can always grant the innocent wishes of His children."

The glorious light she radiated as she spoke was so strong that they had to close their eyes. When they opened them again the church was in darkness, the beautiful apparition who had just stood before them had vanished, and everything was as before. They had hardly time to grasp it all before the door flew open and the sacristan came rushing in.

"Dear pilgrims," he cried out, "what a miracle! I have seen it all. I was sitting on the steps waiting for you, but, as you were so long in coming, I got up and peeped through the keyhole. I saw you surrounded by rays of light, and the Holy Virgin stepping down from the high altar to walk by your side. And then I saw the Crucified leaning towards you in shedding his sandal. Ah, you must come with me at once to see the bishop!"

He took them to the bishop, who, with the other holy dignitaries, was sitting in chapter. The sacristan, as well as the old couple, related their experiences, and at last it was made clear to them all that a great miracle had happened. The bishop signed to his treasurer to come forward.

"I wish to pay for this sandal three thousand florins," he said, "if these good people are willing to sell it to me. I should not like it to be carried away from Lucca."

When the money had been counted out and put into the old man's hand, the bishop continued:

"Before you leave Lucca I invite you to be present at the removal of the holy image to its proper place above the high altar; after that you must speed back the same way as you came, and

tell your experiences to everyone who is willing to listen. I am happy to think that, thanks to you, the galley-slave will be freed from his oar, and your kind neighbour's daughter will be cured of her disease, also I feel confident that the sacristan will see to it that the rose tree will bloom."

He kept silent for a second, and then raised his hand to bless the old couple.

"You are the wise ones and we others are the fools," he said. "Although we know that God is Almighty, who of us dares to rely on His help? Be thankful to God, who has given you faith! It is the greatest of His blessings."



The Island Dead of Inchagoill

On the blue road through Moytura
I heard, from cairns overthrown,
Stone cutters ringing the Gospels
On crosses of fiery stone,
For saints grown quiet in granite,
Carven with sunless hoods,
While men wielded flighty axes
That buried sharp light in woods.

Come, woodmen, O sweet strings quicken
On harps strange women made
So flawlessly from green salleys,
That shadowed a heron's wade;
These murmur still of rich waters,
Lost woods and the healing of sleep
From grasses in arable holdings,
From stills making music leap!

Wild light from crown and red crosier
Is quenched now in holy Cong;
No king takes sleep from grey poteen,
And, leaner than a church song,
The bishop in pure black ashes
Lies in a place of wakes,
Their white pipes strewn on the tombstones
Of drownings in Galway lakes.

So, woodmen, tune up! and stone cutters,
You quicken your silvern notes,
Although not one yellow coffin
Is due for the funeral boats;
We've lost all our beautiful faces,
Moytura has taken its fill,
Those acres of dark lake water
Bore harvest for Inchagoill.

F. R. HIGGINS.

Bishop Berkeley in Ireland

By J. M. HONE.

On March 12, 1685, in the valley of the Nore, was born the world-famous Irishman, George Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

Many great men have come out of Ireland; but our world-famous men have not been numerous, and to the few we have had our histories pay little honour. It happens, however, that Berkeley, besides being a great man, was also an Irish reformer and economist, and as such he has never been altogether forgotten in this country. But Berkeley, the indispensable figure in the history of human thought—"he who in Ireland impugns the reality of bodies"*—we have never attempted to possess or exploit, leaving it to certain historians of British philosophy to name him an Irish visionary, in picturesque contrast to his predecessor and successor, Locke, the compromising Englishman, and the canny Scotsman, Hume. We know little of his family, but it is probable that the Berkeleys of Dysart came to Ireland at the Restoration of Charles II., in the seventeenth century. George Berkeley went to Kilkenny School and then to Trinity College, where he entered in 1700. He became a Fellow of the University in 1707. During the years 1704 to 1708 he compiled the famous notes, now known as the *Commonplace Book*. They formed the substance of his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, which was published in 1710, while he was still in Dublin (he had been ordained in 1709), and contained the germ of his Great Discovery.

Later on Berkeley travelled much, moved in a brilliant society in London, became a Bishop; but I like best to think of the Berkeley of those early years in Dublin. He trembles with excitement as he looks for words with which to announce the Great Discovery, so "obvious, yet so amazing." The other excitements that were to come into his life—another Discovery, *Tar Water*, and the Great Experiment in the Bermudas—can hardly have equalled this. What was this first discovery? Nothing less (and nothing more) than that things are what they seem! Appearance is Reality. That is why he says "I am with the mob," and "I am more for Reality than any other philosopher," and that "for want of rightly understanding time,

• The first European reference to Berkeley: by Leibnitz in a letter from Hanover dated 1715 *Qui in Hybernia corporum realitatem impugnât.*

motion, existence, men are forced into such absurd contradictions as this, viz., light moves 16 diameters of earth in a second of time." He means there is no possible conception of reality except that given by Appearance.

Human thought, philosophy are, henceforth, as the Italian writer, Papini, has pointed out, protected against *all the possible stupidities of science*.

Berkeley's Principle had the opposite practical effect to that for which he had hoped. Instead of reconciling the "mob" to philosophy, his Principle as usually stated, viz., "There is no matter" (more accurate, "There is no unrealised matter"), strengthened the "mob's" conviction of the insane futility of metaphysics. Dr. Johnson, striking the ground with his foot, and Byron with his couplet, "When Berkeley said there was no matter, And proved it! 'Twas no matter what he said," represented the "plain man's" reaction to the Principle. Yet, according to Berkeley (in the *Commonplace Book*), Immaterialism, and Immaterialism alone, accords with the positive spirit of man, which in all ages has accepted the evidence of the senses, and has also believed in God.

Samuel Johnson, when he struck the stone on that famous occasion, was refuting not Berkeley, as he thought, but Berkeley's opponents, the mathematicians or "minute philosophers," and mechanical philosophy. Berkeley's Principle, in fact, justified the ways of the stone in its resistance to the impact of the lexicographer's foot.

The MS. of one of Berkeley's sermons of those days survives. It was delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, and was entitled "The Revelation of Life and Immortality": Sunday evening, January 11, 1707. Berkeley was then labouring under the excitement of his Discovery, and the dull Sunday evening of Dublin may well have been transfigured for him as he went to deliver his discourse, eloquent but conventional, a sermon printed 160 years later, but like, no doubt, to thousands of others that have been preached in the same place at a torpid Sunday's end, and are long since forgotten.

Internal evidence of Berkeley's excitement at this time is furnished by the *Commonplace Book*: "triumphant exclamations and mysterious hints," says Papini. Not till Nietzsche, at Sils Maria, conceived the Eternal Return can another philosopher have

been so moved as was Berkeley at knowing that things are what they seem. Only by remembering that he was a Fellow of a grave university like Trinity could he keep his delighted pride in decent restraint.

It is evident that in these early days Berkeley had a strong sense of the distinction of nationality. Indeed, he associated the country of his birth with the Great Discovery. Here, at the end of his juvenile work, are some passages that the historians have overlooked :

"There are men who say : 'The fire is not hot. The wall is not white . . .' We Irishmen cannot attain to these truths.

"The mathematicians talk of what they call a point. This, they say, is not altogether nothing, nor is it downright something. Now we Irishmen are apt to think that (abstract) something and nothing are next-door neighbours.

"I publish this not so much for anything as to know whether other men have the same ideas as we Irishmen. This is my end, and not to be informed as to my own particulars."

His point is, I think, that Irishmen are by nature realists. They are realists in the ordinary sense of the word, and this realism of common parlance finds its philosophical justification in the doctrine of nominalism which Berkeley so vigorously advocated in the *Commonplace Book*. *Per contra*, the philosophical doctrine of realism—which attributes existence to universals—leads to all sorts of conclusions against which the realistic temperament and common sense revolts. So far, however, was Berkeley misunderstood that the mathematicians whom he succeeded in enraging charged him with throwing doubt on those data of sense which he thought he had placed beyond the range of disproof ! Besides, being "all for reality" as a philosopher, Berkeley had in philosophising a realistic or positive intention. His aim was the security of revealed religion, the re-establishment of righteousness which, as it seemed to him, depended upon belief. Indeed, it is probable that he had scarcely troubled to drop his pen in ink except to confound the enemies of Christianity. To be sure, the Principle was not offered as proof of Christian truth ; but it was offered as proof of the falsity of the philosophies from which current deism or free thought were derived.

II.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Dublin was a centre of lively theological controversy. King, Archbishop of Dublin, afterwards Primate, and for some years the real ruler of Ireland, had written a book on the *Origin of Evil*. Browne, another eminent theologian, was Provost of Trinity College. Under the very mouth of such big guns it was not easy for Scepticism to disport itself in public places. Four years before Berkeley entered Trinity College the rationalist Toland, with his book, *Christianity Not Mysteriorious*, had arrived in Dublin. There was a terrific explosion, and what little pieces of this daring man and his work were left were thrown into the Irish Sea. Ireland had been made safe for Christianity, and when Berkeley took up the running it is probable that he had the state of England in mind rather than that of Ireland. He was not certain that the downright methods of King and Browne, excellent though these were in Ireland, would work in England. It was his opinion, as the passages I have quoted from the *Commonplace Book* indicate, that Englishmen were more likely than Irishmen to be deceived by sophistry. The poison across the water was more subtle and required a more subtle antidote—the antidote that the Principle supplied.

Toland was an Irishman, a Catholic by birth and a native of Derry. In his character and thought—he ended as a thorough infidel—he resembles a predecessor of Voltaire rather than a contemporary of Hobbes, Mandeville, Shaftesbury, and the English philosophers who, in spite of the materialistic form of their speculation, never came out in the open against Christianity. The latter, in Berkeley's eyes, were the real danger, and he did not think that the Christian apologetic and analogical argument of King and Browne had been properly effective in their regard. Nevertheless, it is interesting to observe the close conjunction in time and place of the two Irishmen, Toland and Berkeley, the one a Voltairean before Voltaire, the other the originator of all that speculation that has swung away from Voltaire to its extremest point in Gentile, the Italian philosopher of to-day, and that is known as Idealism. To repeat, Berkeley thought only to defend the Christian religion. But, actually, has the train of thought which was started in Europe by his Principle served the Christian religion well or ill? This, it must be admitted, is a question upon which the doctors disagree. The Voltaireans and free thinkers at least did not abandon the presupposition of exterior reality, or cancel

the distinction between subject and object, without which a transcendent faith is impossible; and one could quote the opinion of certain contemporary theologians that no form of philosophy has developed in such direct opposition to traditional Christian speculation as that Idealism of which Berkeley was the founder. Berkeley, in his early writings, openly ridiculed certain elements of traditional Christian metaphysics. Thus he described the mediæval Schoolmen as "going through endless labyrinths of error and dispute" under the influence of Aristotle, "that great promoter of the doctrine of abstraction." We must remember, however, that he was not ever an absolute idealist. He provided for transcendence: it is, in fact, Gentile's criticism of the Irish thinker that by distinguishing between the thought that thinks the world and God as absolute, eternal and transcendent thought, Berkeley, in effect, repudiated his Great Discovery, the coincidence of reality and perception. His immaterialism, therefore, preserved the "natural order," and did not create a "new world," and so failed to express the true virtue of Christianity, which lies not in knowing a reality that is already accomplished, but in creating a "new reality." Gentile's chief work, beginning with a statement and criticism of Berkeley, ends with the assertion that Idealism alone among philosophies, being anti-intellectualistic, is profoundly Christian; understanding by Christianity, not a transcendent faith, but an intrinsically moral conception of the world.

In a later phase, when he had reached middle age, Berkeley still further qualified his Idealism, moving, in fact, in what Gentile calls its opposite direction, towards mysticism. Mysticism, says Gentile, is always intellectualistic, and never succeeds in conceiving the spirit as will, because will is liberty; and this is not possible where the activity is not absolute, but finishes in conceptions of fate, grace, and the like.

III.

Berkeley left Ireland in 1713, and was not back in this country until 1721. He was in London for some time, and he travelled twice on the Continent. In 1722 he was offered the deanery of Dromore, and two years later a patent for the best deanery of Ireland, that of Derry, was in his hands. He had little intention of settling down in either place. They were not the "happy climes," the "seats of innocence" to which he refers in his verses of 1726:

Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools.

He had (always with the cause of religion in mind) proceeded from thought to action, and was seeking support for a Great Experiment : in the Bermudas he would establish a Seminary where the English youth of Our Plantations might be educated to become good pastors, and where also a number of "young American Savages" (Indians) could be instructed in Christianity and imbued with proper principles.

Had Berkeley been an Anglo-Irishman of a later generation he would, with heart and mind fired with social idealism, have made Ireland the seat of a Great Experiment. The eighteenth century was otherwise advised, and did not think of Ireland as an isle of destiny, but as part of the old world—that old world whose corruption Berkeley, in an essay on the South Sea Bubble, had preceded Rousseau in announcing. He proposed (as his editor, Mr. Frazer, puts it) to reform the New World and mankind at last by a college in an island in the Atlantic, 600 miles from America, the Indians whom it was intended to civilise being mostly in the interior of the continent, and none at all in the Bermudas. What member of a race which has produced many Quixotes has matched this dream?

The dream was popular in London, as the dreams of Irishmen so often are. Berkeley found support in society, in Parliament, and at Court. Swift, writing from Dublin, said: "He has seduced several of the hopefulest young clergymen here, and others; but his conquests in London are far greater." Among those that Berkeley had nominated to act under him were three Fellows of Trinity; but when he left Gravesend in September, 1728, none of these sailed with him. He went alone with his wife in a ship chartered by himself. His departure was precipitate, for the financial arrangements had not been completed, but he wished to prove his faith. His experience in America has often been described, and he left a mark on American thought. Here it must be enough to say that he never reached the Bermudas, and that he was back in London in 1732, after three years in Rhode Island.

Berkeley was to spend the greater part of the rest of his life in Ireland. He was 49 in 1734, when he was consecrated Bishop

of Cloyne in St. Paul's, Dublin. He took one other voyage, when he went in 1752 to Oxford, as he had planned, there to end his days.

It is worth noting that nearly all Berkeley's philosophical works were composed in Ireland. Between 1713 and 1734 he wrote little. The *Commonplace Book*, the *New Theory of Vision*, and the *Principles of Human Knowledge* were the fruit of the period at Trinity College, all of them composed in Dublin. *Siris*, the famous chain of philosophical reflection started by an inquiry into the medicinal virtue of tar water, Berkeley's second Great Discovery, was conceived at Cloyne.

We owe *Siris* to the pestilence which stalked through Ireland in 1740. Having tried his medicine on some of his parishioners with success, Berkeley announced with characteristic vehemence that he had found a universal panacea. How his thought moved on from tar to Trinity is well known. He had become a mystic, as his wife already was. "*Anima mundi*, substantial form, omniscient radical heat, plastic virtue, Hyliaschic principle," all that Berkeley had banished from his earlier speculation reappears. The robust "Irish" nominalism of the *Commonplace Book*, so suited to the "simple and unlettered," vanishes; and though Berkeley does not make amends to the Schoolmen, he rehabilitates Plato and that "great promoter of abstraction," Aristotle, and even draws on Egyptian philosophy. *Siris* is a strange and beautiful expression of Berkeley's maturity; but if we compare its spirit with that of the *Commonplace Book* we find that something has been lost by the good English Bishop* of the originality of youth and of Irish animation.

IV.

Our knowledge of Berkeley, especially in his later life, is rather impersonal. He was not, one fancies, greatly interested in individuals, in the oddities of mankind; he lacked the spice of curiosity which quickens curiosity. Some good friends he had, notably a Dublin man named Prior, with whom he "kept up" all his life. Esther Vanhomrigh (Swift's Vanessa) left him a part of her fortune, and constituted him her executor. He must have always been known as the possessor of "every virtue under Heaven," a reputation that does not conduce to familiarity. It is remarkable that he gives no picture of the English companions who accompanied him

* The authorities regarded him, however, as dangerously Irish: and Berkeley's promotion was viewed with grave displeasure by Boulton, the Primate, an Englishman, like most of the Bishops.

to Italy. In his Italian *Diary* he describes a few priests (anything that might throw light on the Roman Church attracted his professional attention); but in general his impressions of travel reflect his sociological interests and his practical turn of mind. He travelled in a part of Southern Italy that is still off the beaten track (Taranto and the heel of the peninsula), and may have been reminded of Ireland; he noted all the factors of a hygienic and agricultural problem which, Italians tell us, is still unsolved: and he discovered the architectural beauties of the town of Lecce two hundred years earlier than Mr. Osbert Sitwell.

Similarly the general, rather than the particular, forms the substance of his correspondence from Cloyne and of his topical Irish writings. Now and again only we get personal glimpses. Once his family is laid low, and he acts as doctor and nurse. He tells of his wife. She has become a great farmer and employs, though times are hard, a hundred men on her land; incidentally it appears she has been in France, and there liked "some things" in the Roman Church. The practice and observation of tar water must have taken up a lot of time. Having discovered a universal panacea, Berkeley was now a real celebrity, and was involved in endless correspondence and controversy. He was ably helped in his propaganda by his faithful and best friend, Prior, who lived in Dublin. He did not confine his experiments to the "natives," for he says in one of his letters that his instances of cure by tar water are chiefly taken from "our gentry and citizens," than whom no people live better in Europe: a statement which he carefully qualifies by adding, "in the sense of eating and drinking."

The mass of Berkeley's neighbours must have been Catholics: one would like to know if Catholic children attended the spinning school which his wife had founded. He had, we know, thought out many ways of procuring converts to Protestantism. "May we not," he asked his clergy, "argue with the Papists thus: There is nothing in our worship which you cannot assent to, therefore you may conform to us—what should hinder you, in any case, from hearing a sermon, or even occasionally joining in the offices of our Church?" Already the boundaries between the two religions were becoming fixed; neither side proposed to trespass on the other's preserves, and Berkeley is distressed because clergymen of his church "too often look on Papistry within their parishes as having no relation to them, nor being at all entitled to any share of their pains and concern." It

was still just possible for an enthusiast, as he was, to conceive a belated victory of the Reformation in Ireland. It is a pity we have no account of his efforts to proselytise in his diocese, but in his zealous epistles there is little trace of local colour, and his references are at large to "this kingdom," "these kingdoms," "our poor Irish," "the Irish," and so on.

Social relaxations, after his lonely experience in America, he could dispense with. But Gervais, the Dean of Tuan, was sometimes a visitor at Cloyne, and other friendships were maintained by correspondence. No doubt he was sometimes in Cork, only twenty miles away, where the former Provost, Browne, who had criticised *Alciphron*, was now Bishop. It is not certain that he visited the Irish capital in all these years. His presence may well have been attended in the Irish House of Lords in 1738, when a Committee was appointed to enquire into the cause of "the present notorious immorality and profaneness." The occasion was the arrival in Dublin of one Peter Lens, an English painter, a votary of the Black Art, who had formed a Society of Blasters. Berkeley was aware of the existence of the Fraternity, and had sent an account of it to another Bishop. It reminded him once more of the Enormous Licence and Irreligion of the Times, and he addressed a pamphlet with that title to Magistrates and Men in Authority, which was printed by Faulkner in Dublin. He would have felt like that about the times in whatever times he had lived.

A sense of approaching moral disintegration had oppressed Berkeley ever since his first visit to England; quite separate from it was his preoccupation with the particular problem of the economic and social evil in Ireland. The Irish Catholics were not a foreign people to him, he speaks of "our Irish peasantry," and that is because there seemed to him to be no reason why the Irish people, were they to "rouse themselves from indolence" and cultivate the habit of self-help, should not raise themselves to the English level. At that time, too, it must be remembered, the Irish Protestant gentry were a rude and illiterate people, and needed quite as much as did the Catholics to be admonished, Plunkett-wise, towards Better Living, Better Business, Better Farming. Berkeley was one of the two great influences to which we trace the sudden and rapid uprise of culture and civilisation among the Protestants of Ireland in the eighteenth century, culminating with Grattan's Parliament, which was the political expression of the Anglo-Irish will to power. But he did not

foresee that culmination, nor would he have approved it. The consideration that men are actuated by the desire of power did not enter into his political philosophy; it would, indeed, have smacked of Hobbes and of that "materialism" against which he was always in arms.

Berkeley has been called "the first eminent Protestant, after the unhappy contest of the Revolution, who avowed his love for all his countrymen." In this sense he was a patriot, his patriotism being composed, unlike that of Swift, of pure philanthropy. He was much farther than Swift from anything that we now know of as nationalism; and yet, at the same time, he was more in advance of his times than his great contemporary, for whereas the latter announced the conception of Anglo-Irish nationalism that took form with Grattan's Parliament, Berkeley conceived and announced a movement of much later date, one that never took form and was always an "ideal" (ineffective because it took no count of the motive of power): inclusive and enlightened Unionism. "Whether," Berkeley asked in the *Querist*, "it be not the true interest of England and Ireland to become one people, and whether either be sufficiently apprised of this?" And again: "Whether it be not a vain attempt to project the flourishing of our Protestant gentry, exclusive of the bulk of the natives?"

He appealed to the Protestant gentry and to "the bulk of the natives" in turn, the first in his *Querist*, the second in his *Exhortation to the Roman Catholic Clergy*, with its pleasing opening, "*Be not startled, Reverend Sirs, to find yourselves addressed by one of a different communion.*" As the power of the "bulk of the natives" was then at a low ebb, Berkeley's communication was well received. In it, characteristically, while he alludes to the burning questions of the day, he expresses no opinion upon them except to say that in spite of landlordism and in spite of the civil disabilities of Catholics, the "original Irish" had no lack of opportunity for improving their position by becoming "industrious persons." Against a widely-held opinion of his co-religionists, he points out that the religion of the "original Irish" is not necessarily inconsistent with honest diligence—as a traveller he could cite the examples of Flanders and of France—and in Catholic Italy, at Turin, had it not been made a penal offence to relieve a strolling beggar?

The *Querist* was addressed directly to the Protestant gentry. Sufficient evidence of this is the passage in which Berkeley asked

"Whether our ladies might not as well endow monasteries as wear Flanders lace?" and "Whether it be not true that Popish nuns are maintained by Protestant contributions?" Because in the *Querist* Berkeley advocated a policy of self-reliance and national development, he has been regarded as a predecessor (almost) of Arthur Griffith and Sinn Fein. But he was all for free trade between Ireland and England, and he showed regard for British susceptibilities, asking whether it were not England's interest to "import from us rather than from other people," and whether there were not possible Irish manufactures which "would not interfere with Great Britain." Evidently he had in mind an English party which was anxious not to offend England in any way. He did not criticise the English point of view or the propriety of one's being concerned with it, but wished to prove that Ireland's wealth would not spell England's poverty.

With politics Berkeley did not concern himself greatly, and the feeling about them in his Irish pamphlets is one of indifferent contempt. His doctrine of "passive obedience" is recorded in a Discourse delivered in Trinity College in 1712. He then denied that subjects may "lawfully resist the supreme authority, even in those cases where the public good shall plainly seem to require it." Loyalty was a "natural or moral duty." On this point, as in his metaphysics, he parts company with Locke and the then popular thought of England. And he is, as was his wont until he left Ireland, an extremist, so much so that this Discourse for the moment checked his chances of preferment, and he was suspected of entertaining Jacobite sympathies. Retrospectively, the doctrine of passive obedience seemed to condemn the foundations on which the House of Hanover was established, since it was but lately that an active and successful resistance to established authority had taken place in Britain; but Berkeley was far from proposing to cancel the consequences of the Revolution of 1688 and the Williamite settlement. Later, as good Bishop of Cloyne, he argued, no doubt, that government, civil order, and authority deserve an unquestioning respect, whatever form they may assume as the result of the party struggle. If government be providential, then the public duty (or patriotism) of a people is wholly comprised in philanthropy, and the struggle of policies loses all vital significance. It is an opinion still widely held by well-meaning people everywhere. To Berkeley, in short, politics were a negation, and a movement like that which a

generation later determined the Protestant gentry not only to possess Ireland, but also to govern it, would have been quite beyond the range of his prophesying, not to speak of the imperialistic uprush of the "original Irish," the reconquest of Ireland by the "bulk of the natives," which the following century was to witness! Berkeley thought to build up a country upon certain moral and practical ideas to which a general assent could be assumed! Do we not all prefer prosperity to misery? Do we not all approve of industry and condemn sloth, and do we not all set intelligence above ignorance? But platitudes, however courageous and appropriate (and Berkeley's were both), have never united a people. Union or peace comes only in or through war; in a people's life, that is to say, in and through "politics": politics, precisely, are what make a nation; imperialist, combative politics, working in a sphere where, amid divergent ideals and interests, agreement cannot be presupposed, but has to be achieved by accommodation or by conquest. How often since has Berkeley's mistake been repeated!



Grillparzer's Recollections of Beethoven

Translated by G. WATERHOUSE.

Franz Grillparzer (1791-1872), Austria's greatest dramatic poet.

Writing in his Diary, January 12, 1821, Byron says: "Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer—a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity, but they must learn to pronounce it. . . . And who is he? I know him not; but ages will. 'Tis a high intellect. . ." The following extracts from Grillparzer's Recollections describe his relations with the great musician.

I have been reading an essay by Herr L. Rellstab,* entitled "Beethoven," and I find my relation to the great master, more particularly the opera text I wrote for him, referred to in a manner which is not quite correct. I bring no charge against Herr Rellstab, who has doubtless faithfully recorded what Beethoven told him. The reason is rather to be sought in the distressful state of mind of the master during his last years, which did not always permit him to distinguish exactly between what really happened and what he merely imagined. Whatever concerns a great man is always interesting, and I shall therefore relate as faithfully as possible how we met and what the consequences were; or rather I should say that I gladly seize this opportunity of recalling my memories of him and setting them down here.

I first saw Beethoven when I was a boy—it might have been 1804 or 1805—and the occasion was a musical evening in the house of my uncle, Joseph Sonnleithner, who was at that time partner in an art and music business in Vienna. Among the guests, besides Beethoven, were Cherubini and Abbé Vogler. Beethoven was then still lean, dark and, contrary to his later habit, most elegantly dressed. He wore glasses, which I particularly noticed, because in later years he ceased to use this remedy for short sight. I can no longer remember whether he played himself, or whether Cherubini played. My one recollection is that when the servant had already announced supper, Abbé Vogler sat down to the piano again and

* Heinrich Friedrich Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860), musician, soldier, poet, novelist, and journalist. He edited the *Vossische Zeitung* for thirty-four years. His acquaintance with Beethoven belongs to the years 1824-25

began to play endless variations on an African theme which he had himself brought over from its native land. While he was playing the guests gradually drifted away into the dining-room, until at last only Beethoven and Cherubini were left. Then Cherubini went away, and Beethoven stood alone by the industrious player. In the end he too lost patience, but Abbé Vogler, now left entirely alone, never ceased to caress his theme in every possible variation. I had remained there myself in mute astonishment at the enormity of the thing. I have not the faintest recollection of what happened next, as is often the case with childish reminiscences. Who sat next to Beethoven at table, whether he talked to Cherubini, whether Abbé Vogler joined them later, I do not know—it is as though a dark curtain had been drawn over it all.

A year or two later I was spending the summer with my parents in the village of Heiligenstadt, near Vienna. Our apartment looked out on the garden, and Beethoven had rented the rooms looking out on the street. Both suites were connected by a common corridor, which led to the staircase. My brothers and I took little notice of the queer man who used to rush past us muttering under his breath. Since I last saw him he had become stouter and his clothes were most untidy, even dirty. My mother, who was a passionate lover of music, was occasionally attracted to the corridor when she heard him playing the piano, and she used to stand, not indeed by his door, but quite close to our own and listen with rapt attention. This she had done several times, when one day Beethoven's door suddenly flew open, he came out, saw my mother, ran back, and the next minute reappeared, his hat on his head, and bolted downstairs into the open. He never touched his piano again after that. In vain did my mother assure him through his servant, for she had no other opportunity, that not only would no one ever listen again in secret, but that our door on the corridor would remain closed, and that all her household would go the long way round by the garden door, instead of using the common staircase. Beethoven was not to be appeased, and he never touched his piano, until at length the end of autumn brought us back to town.

One summer after that I often visited my grandmother, who had a country house in the adjacent village of Döbling. Now Beethoven was living in Döbling at the time. Opposite my grandmother's windows was the tumbledown house of a dissolute farmer named Flehberger. This Flehberger possessed, besides his dirty

house, a very pretty daughter, Lise by name, whose reputation was likewise none of the best. Beethoven appeared to take a great interest in the girl. I can still see him coming up the Hirschengasse, with his white handkerchief in his right hand trailing behind him on the ground, and stopping by Flehberger's yard-gate, within which the frivolous beauty stood on a wagon of hay or manure, energetically plying her pitchfork amid constant laughter. I never saw Beethoven speak to her, but he would stand silently looking on until at last the girl, whose taste ran more to young farmers, angered him either by some word of mockery or by persistently ignoring him. Then he would turn quickly away with a snort, but never failed to stop again at the yard-gate on the next occasion. His interest even went so far that once, when the girl's father was put into the village lock-up on account of some drunken brawl, he applied in person to the assembled Parish Council for his release, and harangued the worthy councillors, after his way, so violently that he was within an ace of becoming the unwilling companion of his imprisoned protégé.

After that I met him only in the street and a few times in the coffee house, where he had a great deal to do with a now long dead and forgotten poet of the Novalis-Schlegel Guild, Ludwig Stoll. It was said they were planning an opera together. It is incomprehensible how Beethoven could ever expect anything to the purpose from this irresponsible fribble, or indeed anything at all except fantastic caprices—well versified, I admit.

In the meantime I had myself achieved some measure of popularity. *Die Ahnfrau*, *Sappho*, *Medea*, *Ottokar* had appeared, when suddenly word came from Count Moritz Dietrichstein, who was then director of both the Court Theatres, that Beethoven had asked him to inquire if I could be induced to write him the libretto of an opera.

I confess that this inquiry caused me no little embarrassment. First of all, the idea of writing an operatic text was far enough from me, and then I doubted whether Beethoven was still able to compose an opera. He had in the meantime lost his hearing entirely, and his latest compositions, without prejudice to their very high merit, had an austere character which seemed to me incompatible with the treatment of voices. However, the thought of perhaps giving a great man an opportunity of producing a work which, at any rate, would be highly interesting, outweighed all other considerations, and I consented.

Among the dramatic subjects which I had noted for future development were two which certainly seemed to lend themselves to operatic treatment. One lay in the sphere of the wildest passion. Yet, apart from the fact that I knew no opera singer who would be equal to the chief part, I shrank from offering Beethoven a semi-diabolic theme, under the seduction of which he might be urged still nearer to the extreme limits of music, which lay so menacingly close before him.

I therefore chose the story of Melusina, cut out the reflective portions as far as possible, and did my best to adapt myself to the peculiarities of Beethoven's later style, with the help of dominant choruses, mighty finales, and an almost melodramatic turn to the third act. I refrained from all preliminary discussion of the material with the composer, because I wished to preserve my freedom of opinion; besides, details could be changed later, and in any case he was always free to compose the book or not. Indeed, in order to impose no constraint upon his choice, I sent him the book by the same channel through which the request had come. He was not to be influenced or embarrassed by any kind of personal consideration.

A few days later came Schindler, then Beethoven's manager, the same who afterwards wrote his biography, and invited me in the name of his lord and master, who was unwell, to visit him. I dressed, and we went at once to Beethoven, who then lived in the suburb of Landstrasse. I found him lying in dirty nightclothes on an untidy bed, a book in his hand. At the head of the bed was a small door leading, as I afterwards saw, to the dining-room, and over which Beethoven seemed to have mounted guard, for when a servant-girl came out later on with butter and eggs he could not refrain, in the midst of an animated conversation, from casting a critical glance at the quantities carried out, which threw a sad light on the irregularities of his domestic life.

When we entered, Beethoven got up, gave me his hand, overwhelmed me with expressions of goodwill and esteem, and came at once to the question of the opera. "Your work lives here," he said, pointing to his breast. "In a few days I am going into the country, and there I will begin to compose it at once. The only thing I cannot manage is the Hunters' Chorus at the beginning. Weber used four horns. You see, I should have to use eight, and where would that lead to?" Although I was far from seeing the necessity of this conclusion, I nevertheless declared that the Hunters' Chorus

could be omitted altogether without detriment to the work, and with this concession he seemed quite content. Neither then nor later did he make any other objection to the text or desire an alteration. Nay, he even insisted on making a contract with me at once. The profits of the opera were to be equally divided between us, etc. I told him that I had never thought of a fee or anything of the kind when writing. This was perfectly true, and it explains why all my works together, which I consider to be the best, Uhland excepted, that Germany has produced since the death of her great poets, have hardly brought in as much as any other writer, dead, living, or half-dead, has received for a single volume of his travel stories and tales of imagination. Least of all between *us* should there be any such question. He could do what he liked with the book, I should never make a contract with him.

I hoped he had ceased to think of the financial part of his scheme, but a few days later my publisher, Wallishauser, came and told me that Beethoven insisted on the completion of a contract. If I could not make up my mind to this, I should relinquish my proprietary right in the book to him, Wallishauser, and he would then do what was necessary with Beethoven, who had already been so advised. I was glad to be rid of the matter, let Wallishauser pay me a moderate sum, relinquished all rights of authorship to him, and thought no more about it. Whether they really did draw up an agreement or not I do not know. I think they must have done so, as otherwise Wallishauser would not have omitted to pester me, as was his habit, with pitiful tales of the money he had risked. I mention all this only to contradict what Beethoven said to Herr Rellstab, viz., that we could not agree.

During the summer Herr Schindler and I visited Beethoven by invitation at Hetzendorf. I do not know whether Schindler told me on the way, or whether anybody had told me before, that Beethoven had been so far prevented by urgent commissions from writing the opera. I therefore avoided all mention of the subject. We went for a stroll and conversed as well as we could, half by speech, half by writing—walking being an additional difficulty. It still affects me to remember that Beethoven, when we sat down to dinner, went into the next room and himself brought out five bottles. One he placed in front of Schindler's plate, another before his own, and three in a row before me, to express probably in his barbarously naive but kindly way that I was free to drink as much as I liked. When

I returned to town, without Schindler, who stayed behind in Hetzendorf, Beethoven insisted on accompanying me. He took his seat in the open carriage, but instead of going only to the end of the village he drove back with me to town, alighted at the city gates, and with a hearty handshake set out alone on the walk back, which would take him an hour and a half. When he got out of the carriage I saw a piece of paper lying in the seat he had occupied. I thought he had forgotten it, and motioned to him to come back, but he shook his head with a loud laugh, as though he had played a successful trick, and walked away faster than ever. I unwrapped the paper; it contained the exact amount of the fare I had agreed upon with the driver. His manner of life had made all social customs and usages so strange to him that he never thought what an insult, under any other circumstances, might have lain in such a proceeding. However, I took it in the spirit in which it was meant, and laughingly paid my driver with the money which had been given me.

After that I only saw him once, I cannot remember where. He said to me then, "Your opera is ready." I cannot say whether he meant ready in his head, or whether the innumerable music books, in which he used to set down isolated notions and figures—intelligible only to himself—for future elaboration, perhaps contained the elements of that opera in a fragmentary form.

It is certain, however, that after his death not a single note was discovered which could be definitely associated with that joint work. Besides, I remained faithful to my intention never to remind him of it in the slightest way, and as it was too troublesome to confer with him in writing, I never went near him until, in black clothes and with a lighted torch in my hand, I walked behind his coffin.

Two days previously Schindler came to me in the evening with the news that Beethoven was dying, and his friends wanted me to write an oration, which Anschütz, the actor, was to recite at the graveside. I was all the more upset as I knew hardly anything of his illness, yet I tried to order my thoughts, and the next day I began to write the speech. I had reached the second half when Schindler came in again to fetch what had been ordered, for Beethoven was just dead. My heart sank, tears burst from my eyes, and I was not able to finish the speech with the thoroughness with which it had been begun—as often happened to me with other work when real emotion overpowered me. However, it was delivered, the mourners reverently dispersed, and Beethoven was no longer with us.

The Green Stone

A Comedy in One Act.

By GEO. FITZMAURICE.

PERSONS :

THADE COLLOPY.	MOLL ANNE, a little girl, their
ELEANOR, his wife.	daughter.
MARTINEEN, SYLVESTER, their	SHEMUS COLLOPY.
sons.	JIMMEEN, his son.
	THE AMERICAN.

SCENE : Interior of Thade Collopy's Kitchen.

THADE : My brother James is a powerful man. The whisk of him and he coming through the square meadow now, you'd think he owned the moon. I suppose he can't help it, at the thought of the big way of living he has come by, and 'tisin't humility would be rising surely in the chest of a man seeing out before him every day in his baan, his forty cows, and his pair of horses. Seldom with him to come visiting his relations, the small farmers, if it isn't our Martineen and his green stone is making some pains for him. He has been dropping an occasional remark in that way for some time past about Martineen's foolishness being a reflection on himself and his family, and it strikes me he does be thinking it might come against him in the match he is striving to make between his daughter Liz and those tony people entirely, the Regans.

SYLVESTER : What capers he has, father, as if Martineen's folly will make a pin's point of difference if Liz has the cash to buy the swell fellow.

THADE : Big, comfortable people will have their whims, why. And if there was never a question of Liz at all in it, Shemus is getting terrible ashamed lately of even being related at all to a gentleman with a fad about a green stone. I do be imagining I see Shemus reddening every time he thinks of it, and, of course, there is no denying it's a strange canter for an ordinary farmer's son to be finding diversions out of an old green stone, and to be twenty years at it itself.

ELEANOR : 'Tis no blame I have on Shemus Collopy, for if Shemus is the man he is to-day it's by his own industry and smartness,

and up with the break of day. The surprise to me is the man in his prosperity taking our unfortunate son so cool, though it cutting him to the quick having the like of him for a nephew living in the next townland to him itself.

THADE : Maybe 'tis blaming him in the wrong I am, and it isn't about Martineen at all he is coming. (*Drily.*) It might be a generous fit is pinching him to give us some help towards getting our Jane married that's getting a bit advanced, or settling poor Sylvester there that's no chicken either, and has well earned being given up the land.

ELEANOR : God knows, Thade, it's fine for you to be having the heart to be talking humourous, but there would be a change coming in the world I'm thinking before Shemus Collopy would give us a lift. And indeed, Martineen and his green stone is no longer a joking matter, and he the big expense to us, faith, going in an idle man, with the rates rising to the moon. A time was he'd make some shape at saving the hay, anyway, giving a help at tending the cows, and times even the gentleman would condescend to dig a ridge of spuds. But lately the dickens a notion he has of doing a whack at all, at all.

SYLVESTER : Even when he would try to do a thing he doesn't know how to do it, and it's only wasting one's time to be bothering oneself with him. Last week itself, and I going to the bog, I asked him—and a big compliment, I'm telling you—to fence that gap in the roda field for me, and the cattle breaking into it. He put the whitethorn highways and the furze lengthways, a thing a child wouldn't do or a towny from the City of Cork, or even from below in the City of Dublin itself. Not to mind keeping out a cow, that fence he made—glory be to God!—we wouldn't keep out a hin.

ELEANOR : 'Twouldn't keep out a hin. I seen it myself, Sylvester, so I did. But where is the good in complaining : and it, maybe, the will of God—glory be to Him!—to punish us on this earth for our sins through means of Martineen and his capers, and I suppose we must only continue to suffer and bear up with himself and his tomfoolery.

MOLL ANNE : All the same, mother, Martineen might have a certain species of some sense of his own, and the great pleasure he gets out of the green stone, and the information ; and lately it's able

even to foretell for him the changes in the moon. I could find things out of it myself if I had the patience, but the dickens a whack at all the green stone will tell you unless you say "X" and sit three hours before it without moving. I said "X" before it on two different occasions, but I fell asleep each time, and the third time I said "X" I got the culligreefeens and shifted, and that finished it.

ELEANOR : And let it be finished, and don't let me hear of you even thinking of making another attempt, Moll Anne. (*Indignantly.*) But to think of my omadhaun in the heel of the hunt striving to inveigle the child into his practices, as if 'tistn't enough to have a gom in the family without an ape to boot.

SYLVESTER : I'd be easy about her saying "X," mother. Moll Anne is all there, and I know damn well would be bound to find out her folly after a short while, for if she was saying "X" and sitting down before that stone for fifty years, not to mind for threë hours, she'd be as wise in the finish as she was at the start, and the whole thing pure imagination with Martineen. Indeed—and that's why I don't like to be too hard on him—it's plain to me this long while back, smart and all as he might be at the parsing and the geography, there is something woeful altogether going on in his brain. My hope, though, it's coming to a crisis with him, as the doctors do be saying in their colloquing about fayvers and floos and the like, for I never seen him in such fury about the green stone as the day that's in it after the two of you going to town. Busy as a bee about it, avico, he wouldn't be in on the hearth to me with it when he'd be out again, a hundred and fifty times in and out if he was once, and there isn't five minutes gone itself since he went out the last time, just before you returning from town.

ELEANOR (*drearily*) : Wisha, Sylvester, fayvers and floos isn't to be compared with a curious and chronic affair like this. It could be, though, it might be the finish-up with him entirely and the brain going to burst inside in the nut by him. We can't tell; and, believe you me, 'tistn't the doctors could explain to us a deal about it either, for damn the much they know outside fayvers and floos and things that they're meeting with every day of the week, and, indeed, if all the doctors in Europe were colloquing about Martineen's case, 'tistn't sense you'd be hearing from

them, but high-toned codology and shaping. Whist! here he comes—or is it he—the step isn't—

MOLL ANNE (*from doorway, excitedly*): Uncle Shemus, mother. The face on him as red as a turkey-cock. Woeful wild-looking.
(*Enter Shemus boldly.*)

SHEMUS (*sharply*): Where is Martineen from me? Tell it to me quick, I'm saying—where is he, again?

ELEANOR: Didn't we know it was about Martineen you were coming, but indeed, Shemus Collopy, as they were saying here, 'tis ourselves is the pity with him and not you, a big pity with him, and, as they were saying, little harm he can do you if Liz has the coin to buy the half-gent.

SHEMUS: Hold your tongue, woman, 'tishn't by himself he would do all the harm, but on account of him the people bringing down again' our great grand-aunt, Mage Duds, that's dead a hundred and fifty years, and used to be hanging things on bushes for charms and going around trees, expecting to find a crock of gold.

THADE: Glory, and we thinking the whole world had forgotten about Mage Duds! But at a wake or a wedding what won't the people rake up.

SHEMUS: 'Tis on account of Martineen's capers whoever thought of her, otherwise there wouldn't have been a word about her, and as long as she's dead.

THADE: Still, 'tis more harm to our Sylvester and Jane and they getting married Martineen will be the means of doing than to your Liz if she has the shiners to buy the tony fellow; though I admit this talk about Mage Duds won't do Liz any benefit.

SHEMUS (*pompously*): 'Tishn't a fool you would take me to be and to think of denying it, and others besides Liz in the running for the gent. But there is another reason bringing me about Martineen, and of the two 'tis the other reason more than the Liz business was the means of my coming to a final decision with respect to how to deal with Martineen Collopy.

MOLL ANNE (*blankly*): I frighten, for 'tishn't the way you're going to ate him, Uncle Shemus?

SHEMUS: Stop, little girl, and will you let me tell first the other thing he's after doing on me and the things he was putting into my Jimmeen's head—Jimmeen, that's only been to College

since three weeks, but the Latin running to him, for it's the right priest he'll make—(*walking across floor, stridently, with long intonation*)—the things he's putting into the boy's head might even put him off his vo-cay-shun!

ELEANOR: In the name of God, he didn't, Shemus Collopy!

SHEMUS: Wasn't it listening to him I was myself, and I above in the bed—wild—and he telling Jimmeen below in the hearth he could know if he was to get a beating from the master the next day, and that if the master was to give him a beating he could mooch from school, and the way he was to find it out was to say "X" and sit three hours before the green stone. Glory be to God if there was a madder man in Europe than I was, and your character of a son, striving to corrupt Jimmeen, and he his own first cousin itself. I cooled after a bit, but if I did, my mind was made up that stone was to be taken from Martineen, that you were to help me to do it, and I'll force you to help me, and we'll throw it into the river or something. By the same token, it's handy enough he's left it here on the table for us. (*Takes stone from off table.*)

MOLL ANNE: God knows, Uncle Shemus, maybe it's a more risky thing you're doing than what you think. Isn't it from a mermaid he got the green stone down be the sayshore the time he was a garsoon. They do be saying she has no legs, but if she hasn't itself, I hear she can catch a hold of her tail and go rowling over the land like sixty, and hop and bump like a football over ditches and hedges and all; and maybe 'tis into you she'd rowl and give you a shlap of her tail you wouldn't be the better of during the dear days of your life, if it isn't to gobble you up she would, or hyse you down to the say she might, itself.

SHEMUS (*hesitating, showing signs of nervousness*): Don't be trying to coward me, little girl—I don't give in to mermaids. However, we won't take away the stone altogether for a start, but hide it in a silly place. We can throw it in the river, after. He'll never think of looking for it in this skillet. (*Goes to skillet and takes cover off.*)

SYLVESTER: Be quick, for it's at the door he is, and rush back now. (*Shemus places stone in skillet, replacing cover with a clatter, and darts back near Sylvester. Martineen comes in quietly.*)

MARTINEEN (*looking in direction of auditorium, in a more or less*

absent-minded kind of way, addressing nobody in particular): It's fine weather, thanks be to God! Grand weather to be out, and so it is. Seldom with that poor divvle of an ignorant Sylvester there not to be out—digging, digging, digging spuds and digging this and that; slashing about the stalls and tending to the cattle; harnessing the horse, or feeding the calves and pigs; slush all over him from morning till night; and he making a virtue out of it—picking pride out of it—the poor dickens, and he not much above a cow or a horse himself. (*Giving a side look at M. A.*). Is it listening to me you are, Moll Anne?

MOLL ANNE (*slyly*): In sure it is, Martineen.

ELEANOR (*with asperity*): And I am listening to you, and, believe you me, but for Sylvester and his digging 't isn't you would be having your three meals a day quietly for yourself and your good suit of clothes to your back.

(*Martineen glances about him, apparently wondering where is the stone, taking no notice of Eleanor's remarks. Shortly he goes to skillet and coolly takes out stone.*)

MARTINEEN (*going to table and placing stone on it, smiling*): It's a fine stone, it's a grand stone, and so it is. It tells me now, Uncle Shemus's forty cows are coming out the gap of the soft meadow, the donkey in front and the two goats coming last. Is it the truth, Moll Anne?

MOLL ANNE (*looking out door, gaily*): God knows it is, Martineen, the donkey in front and the two goats after the cows, as you said.

MARTINEEN (*musingly, gleefully, as he goes out*): 'Tis a fine stone, glory be to God! a grand stone entirely, and so it is.

SHEMUS: Wasn't it great work the way he found it, as if by a kind of instinct and a wandering gaze in his eye, he not seeming to be half-looking for it, and not seeming to have any notion 'twas how we hid it in him. If it isn't whatever is rising in his brain is giving him some kind of knowledge.

SYLVESTER: That's how it is, Uncle Shemus, he seeing double and it the crisis by him like in the fayvers and the floos, though mother wouldn't believe me. And I had it from an aunt's cousin of mine, a student above in Cork or below in Dublin, that when the crisis comes in certain other diseases the patients can see through a dry-wall or a dale boord, 'tis the city doctors do be saying it, said my aunt's cousin to me, sez he.

SHEMUS : Still, that skillet was too much to the fore. I'll put the green stone now into the pot of boiling water hanging here, and 'twill be the divvle itself if he finds it in this. (*Goes and puts stone in pot, darting back towards Sylvester.*) Lord ! it's back again he is !

(*Re-enter Martineen.*)

MARTINEEN : 'Tis splendid weather, a couple of little clouds, though, rising to the west, a bluish haze, and a small breeze blowing. The national taychers would say the appearance of the at'mos'pher' denotes rain—national taychers bumps of ignorance with little top-notches of learning. 'Tis a week since I said "X" and sat for three hours before my green stone, but it hasn't left off telling me things yet, and it tells me what a national taycher couldn't tell me—that it won't rain for three days yet.

MOLL ANNE (*smiling, approvingly*) : And I bet it won't either, Martineen.

(*He looks about him as before, then goes quietly to pot, lifts cover and takes out stone with tongs, which he carries and places on table. Then returns tongs to fireplace and returns to table.*)

MARTINEEN (*gazing at stone*) : A fine stone, a grand stone, a very fine stone. It tells me this minute, Moll Anne, Mrs. Doolen's store-cock of hay is heating, and there's men cutting a tunnel through it to give it wind.

MOLL ANNE (*from doorway*) : God knows if they aren't Martineen, and you can see from here the smoke of the hay heating itself. (*Resumes seat.*)

MARTINEEN (*in self-satisfied way as he goes out*) : A marvellous stone entirely, and so it is.

ELEANOR (*rising and going to table*) : If you have failed itself, Shemus Collopy, I have a notion, and it is only proper to back you up in this : and what right would a mermaid have to come at me, a mother trying to do a good thing by her poor son. (*Takes stone and goes back to seat.*) I'll put it between my two feet, with the dress covering it, I knitting and humming, and could there be a better hide ?

SHEMUS (*with enthusiasm*) : It takes a woman to find the right hide, and 'tis capital and clever entirely, Eleanor. You'll succeed, and I'll give you—when I'm richer than what I am, upon my soul, I'll give you—I'll give you, maybe, something more than a' sixpence.

(Re-enter Martineen.)

MARTINEEN: It is good and very salubrious weather. Yet there's people complaining and going to doctors. I told Mage Donoghue sit before the green stone and she'd soon know the natural herbs to cure her indigestion; but nothing for her but the dispensary doctor, moreover, he being a cousin of hers, that has her destroyed with the strongest pills to make money for his chum, the apothecary, who returns the compliment by praising him and sending him patients. A tonic she must get as well, maybe, to do away with some of the harm the pills is doing her, and the doctor, 'tis likely, having some scruple. The biggest rogues in the world are doctors; but, whatever is down on the people when by a fluke they chance on an honest doctor, 'tis a shaper they make him out to be and a thorough schemer—and the divvles taking off their hats to attorneys that are born damned, and, if I said it, damned before they are born at all itself. *(Looks about him as before, then goes quietly and takes stone from between Eleanor's feet and replaces it on table.)* 'Tis a sweet stone—'tis so, What it tells me now is that the two goats that were following Uncle Shemus's cows are pucking at each other like the devil, with the donkey prancing and kicking up the legs and starting to gallop around the field.

MOLL ANNE *(rushing to door)*: 'Oh glory, the horns are in one clash, and the donkey he is prancing and throwing up the legs, and J. off with him in a gallop around the triangle. *(Resumes seat.)*

MARTINEEN *(going out)*: Glory be, but 'tis a marvellous stone, Moll Anne.

SHEMUS *(going rapidly to table)*: Never say die, and I have a new plan might put him, as simple as you like, off that stone for ever. *(Runs to fireplace and puts stone in fire.)* It will be raging hot in a second, I'll put it in the middle of the floor, he'll burn himself with it and he'll be cured.

ELEANOR: God grant it, Shemus, but 'tis hardly 'twill be ready, for he's coming back again.

SHEMUS *(taking hold of tongs)*: 'Tis nearly red hot—'tis as hot as the devil anyway, hot enough to make him screech, believe you me. *(Takes stone from fire and places it in middle of floor, replaces tongs near fireplace, then goes hurriedly near Sylvester. Re-enter Martineen.)*

MARTINEEN : There's nothing wrong with the weather, but I don't know how it is the way these divvles of farmers do be going on. The sight of Uncle Shemus's forty cows put the thought in my head, and he tearing and raging for years making fortunes for Han and Min, and, worse than ever lately, making the big fortune entirely for Liz. All the farmers are the same, blowing and snorting like crocodiles, making fortunes for their sons and daughters, and the sons and daughters the same after. They do be acting the swank lately, going to Limerick or Cork for the honeymoon, if you please, letting on to be staying at hotels. Hotels moryah ! indeed, it's the gammy hotels they do be staying at, and they ate alive with flays. They remain away a week for shame's sake, but they're no sooner back than they are up to the ears in slush, at it again making fortunes for the childring even before they are born at all. This going on for generations, till in the heel there's only one son, maybe a pet, who starts eating and drinking the fortunes before he has his second teeth itself, and generally dies of spontaneous combustion before he is forty years of age. I enjoy myself all right down in the glen, giving little tips on the green stone—tells the blackbird if there is danger coming to the nest—the blackbird understands the tips as well as I do myself, and he sings for me the finest notes, for I'm telling you, myself and that bird we're the biggest friends.

ELEANOR (*losing patience*) : A good story he has for us, and indeed he can be enjoying himself with other people having to work for him, and always having to do the work for the like of him in the world.

(*Shemus, Thade, and Sylvester make signs to her not to delay Martineen taking up hot stone.*)

ELEANOR : How can I help it, Shemus Collopy, and I comparing his apishness with my poor, workworn son there in the corner? How can I help it, Shemus Collopy?

(*Martineen looks about him as before, then takes up stone with a dish-cloth, carries it to table, puts it on a plate, and pours some cold water on it, then wipes it with cloth.*)

MARTINEEN (*gazing at stone*) : 'Tis a real purty stone, and that's the way to describe it. (*Takes stone off table and moves towards door to Moll Anne.*) It tells me now a certain thing is going to occur, but if I mentioned what it was there might be obstacles

put to its occurring, and it isn't right to be putting impediments in the way of destiny, for what is to be ought to be, and old Bony had to die in St. Helena. (*Puts stone in pocket and goes out jauntily.*)

SHEMUS (*loudly, walking towards door*): I'll follow him and take it off him, I'm damned if I won't! A fig for mermaids, for I'll put courage in myself by saying to myself, "Mage Duds, Mage Duds." Yes, "Mage Duds, Mage Duds, and Jimmeen being put off his vocation; Mage Duds, Mage Duds, and Jimmeen and his vocation." (*Taken aback as Jimmeen enters.*) Jimmeen himself! Glory be, 't isn't the mermaid has landed you here the hour that's in it, or is it divilment or what?

JIMMEEN: Yerra, isn't there reports going some old Yank wants to get the green stone. 'T isn't an Irish Yank at all, but a hayro whose people before him were in America for generations. Some old English or Dutch divvle.

THADE: And what would he be wanting it for, and wouldn't you be explaining?

JIMMEEN: Isn't it going to explain I am—'twas hours ago I heard it and I coming from school—but another thing happened—a big flock of jackdaws that made a belt down at a crow that had a pratie—the crow kept the pratie—and the crow and the jackdaws riz, and if there was fifty jackdaws that made the belt down at the crow there was fifty thousand jackdaws in a minute, and while you'd be clapping your hands together, and they coming from all quarters—and they made for the crow, and the crow dodging, and they all riz higher and higher—I was standing at the corner of Mrs. Sugrue's shebeen, and a motor-car came and got a side-shlip, and made a tumble and a high-over and across the little bridge—

THADE, SHEMUS: Was it Protestants were in it?

ELEANOR: Maybe 'twas our own Bishop was in it, and was the holy man kilt, glory be to God?

JIMMEEN (*as if trying to recollect; indifferently*): I believe there was some bones broken or something. (*Resuming excited tone.*) But let me continoo: the hillabillloo above was something woeful now—the sky black with them, and 'twas like an ay-clipse—a dart down a whizz, a giz and a whish!—and the ears were near clipped off me—and one dashed through a pane of glass in Mrs.

Daly's window—Mrs. Horan was standing near the door holding the child, she near let it fall and she roared—and the pig roared—and the young horse Murt Horan was saddling let go with the hind legs, and 'twas by a scrape the head was not bashed off him—glory, but 'twas ferocious, and the way they dashed up and down and here and there, you'd frighten—

ELEANOR (*impatiently*): In the name of God, what are you alluding to, or was the whole world slaughtering each other or what?

JIMMEEN: They dashed up and down, I'm saying, and they wouldn't be in the height when they'd be in the hollow, slanting and skeeting and screeching—such woeful murder was never in the world before seen—but, in the heel, they swep' it.

ELEANOR, THADE, SHEMUS (*angrily*): Swep' which, you blackguard, or what swep' what?

JIMMEEN: Sure, the jackdaws swep' the pratie from the crow.

MOLL ANNE (*butting in, as Eleanor, Thade, and Shemus turn around scornfully from Jimmeen*): You're telling it wrong, Jimmeen, for I was witness of the tussle likewise, and if that crow liked I'd bet a button all the jackdaws in Ireland wouldn't be able to take the pratie from her; and it wouldn't have fought at all but for the pride and gumption that do be in crows, for, before the jackdaws made the first swoop down the crow had more than the half of the pratie ate.

(*Jimmeen pelts something at Moll Anne, but misses her.*)

ELEANOR, THADE, SHEMUS: You blackguard, is it firing at a little girl you'd be? Shame! shame!

JIMMEEN (*in a temper*): What call had she to come spoiling it—if she wants to tell a story herself, let her tell it. (*Coolly.*) But the other thing—sure, that old Yank is going to give 3,000 dollars for the green stone: he'll be here in a hop, for he's going away, I hear, by the next train. (*Looking out window.*) Jaychus, his car is outside and the jarvey on it, but I can't see the bookil himself.

ELEANOR (*in a scream*): You delaying to tell us that! (*With great excitement.*) Sylvester, in the name of God, what delaying is there on you? In God's name, be making a dart and be bringing him in—Martineen!

SYLVESTER (*rising and going towards door*): Faith, you may say I won't be long hysing him in this trip. (*To Jim.*) But, if it's lies

you're telling about that 3,000 dollars, or capers you're at, I'm telling you I'll hould bating you while there's a puff left in the carcase by you. (*Goes out.*) (*Enter the American.*)

THE AMERICAN: Three thousand dollars for a green stone! Guess you agricultural bow-wows you ain't half surprised, and take Horatio M. Balloost for a softy. (*Gives a horse laugh.*) Horatio M. Balloost, the great Candy King from Ohio—got me—and I guess there isn't a candy jossor in the U.S.A. that's in the same street with Horatio M. Balloost. Likewise in the Latin South, the Balloost candy sells by the ton, from Santiago to Buenos Aires. Reckon in this locality alone last year a clear 500,000 dollars profit from the candy, and another 500,000 dollars from the consequential—that is, the dental surgery and the good old drug store; for my luscious candy has certain after-effects, and therefore wherever the candy goes there goes likewise the drug store and the good old dental surgery. That's progress, that's the United States of America, that's Horatio M. Balloost.

ELEANOR (*not quite comprehending, but pretending to be lost in admiration*): Glory be to God!

THE AMERICAN: I guess I can afford luxuries, and I guess I have a nice bag of tricks to take back, picked up in the four corners of Europe, and I guess I'll have my three thousand dollars' worth out of the green stone in taking a rise out of my pals out Middle West with my prognostications of the quotations in Wall Street, and foretelling perhaps to a vote who is to be the next President of America. You bet I'll say "X" and sit without moving before the darned thing for three hours. Fetch it right away, for I'm off in a jiffy to catch that train, and if you bunch aren't right quick it won't be the green stone but the three thousand dollars goes back to America with Horatio M. Balloost.

ELEANOR: Thade, Shemus, and Jimmeen be running and fetching him in. (*T. S. and J. go towards door, S. and J. going out.*) They'll bring it in a minute, your reverence or your honour, sir; and excuse me, but you being dressed someway like a parson. And would your reverence—or your honour, again—be coming up in the room—there's a half-pint of that Three Star—

THE AMERICAN: Righto. But, mum, what do you call where we are if it isn't a "room"?

THADE (*who hasn't yet gone out, jerking back head*): This is the

kitchen, your reverence, or your honour, I should say. Above there is the room, and a tint of the right stuff Eleanor has won't do your honour the divvle a bit of harm. (*Goes out, Eleanor and American going into room.*)

(*Re-enter Sylvester, who goes slowly towards his box-seat. Eleanor comes down from room.*)

SYLVESTER (*sitting on box*): Not a trace of him, high, dry, or low, and 'tis the same as if the ground had swallowed him.

(*Re-enter Shemus and Thade.*)

SHEMUS: If the ruffian hasn't gone in hide from us purposely, I don't know the deuce what to make of it.

THADE: My only hope is in Jimmeen finding him, and 'tis a small hope.

ELEANOR (*wringing hands*): And that Yank will be gone in a minute. He took the drink and is just giving himself a little tittivating up before the looking-glass. (*Enter Jimmeen.*) Wish, Jimmeen, don't be telling us it's no trace of the vagabone you have for us.

JIMMEEN: It must be bewitched he is and swept off by that mermaid. But as Martineen won't have the advantage, why shouldn't someone else, so a thought came to me, and I picked another old green stone out of the glosa; the old Yank won't know the difference, and it would be a scruple to let the old divvle skelp off with the dollars.

ELEANOR, THAD (*showing signs of jealousy*): We don't know it would be so right for you to do the like of that.

JIMMEEN (*rapidly*): Yerra, what are you talking about, and he an old Yank with a name on him was never on a Christian, and he destroying the teeth and pizening the stomachs in the Latin peoples with his chimal candies? It couldn't be righter, and I'll show it to you, viz., for let x^2 equal the square of x plus y , and let $A B$ and C represent an isosceles triangle and the line $C D$ the angle of an isoscle: bisect $C D$ with the end of a parabelum—I mean a paralegrum—and if the line $C D$ equals the line $A B$, the line $A B C$ is equal to the line $C B A$, and the whole cannot contain the part, then if the name on him was never before on a Christian, therefore Horatio M. Balloost is not a Christian, *ergo*, he's a pagan in the perpendicular, which was to be proved and is proved, and (*facing Shemus, triumphantly*) *quod erat demonstrandum.*

SHEMUS (*to Thade, beaming*): He'll make a fine theologian.

THADE (*drily*): I believe you; (*trenchantly*) but where in the name of God is Martineen!

ELEANOR: Oh, where in the name of God is Martineen!

(*American comes down from room; Jimmeen runs to table and places stone on it.*)

THE AMERICAN (*tipping stone with pencil and inclining head sideways to catch sound*): By gosh! no, it doesn't sound like an ordinary stone. Wall, here's the draft and sign the receipt.

SHEMUS (*advancing*): I'll sign the receipt, your emin—your respectability, and I'll take the cheque, if you please. I'm his da.

THE AMERICAN: Right y'ar, old grizzly. (*Puts stone in pocket.*) Gosh, call me a bashi-bazook if I don't have gas out of this rum affair when I get back Middle West. Wall, s'long, you agricultural mug-wumps, s'long. (*Goes out.*)

THADE: Of course, there'll be a division, Shemus Collopy?

SHEMUS: Sure, the cheque can't be cashed till I get to the bank. I'll be in town to-morrow morning with the calves, and, if you want to meet me there, be up earlier than is your habit. For I'm not like more—when my business is done I don't be delaying in towns—and—and we'll have a talk. (*Goes out rapidly with Jimmeen.*)

SYLVESTER (*dully and sourly*): And that's all you'll ever get, is talk, from that old selfish bumbledy bee. (*Bitterly.*) 'Tis equal which, Liz can now buy the clipper, flying, and we minus.

ELEANOR, THADE (*tragically*): And we, minus.

(*Enter Martineen.*)

MARTINEEN: The weather is nicer now than 'twas all day. The little breezes have become so soft you'd like to be breathing the air; and, as the lady-poets do be saying—"The Southern zephyrs blow."

SYLVESTER (*half-rising, in dull fury*): You and your lady-birds and your lady-poets and your zephyrs and your weather and your fandangos; it's no more of it we want to be hearing from you, and all I have to say to you is that the devil may break your bones.

THADE: Likewise here the same: and may the devil break your bones.

ELEANOR : And I should say the same, and only for being his mother I would say it. A Yank coming and offering 3,000 dollars for an old green stone, and he to be absent that was in and out all day with it !

MARTINEEN : A Yank giving 3,000 dollars for the green stone !

ELEANOR (*with mingled rage and regret*) : Oh, gracious me ! Oh, goodness me ! Oh, goodness me ! Oh, gracious me !

MARTINEEN : It's heartbroken they are, and I'm heartbroken to see them heartbroken. 'Tis the way I must get rid of the green stone.

ELEANOR, THADE, SYLVESTER (*ferociously*) : Equal which now what you do with it.

MARTINEEN : All the same it must be done. For that, Moll Anne, was what the stone itself foretold.

(*Weird noises outside.*)

VOICE OUTSIDE (*in distance*) : Gay-gay ; gay-gay ; gay-gay !

MOLL ANNE (*getting off stool quickly and going to door*) : Glory be, it must be the mermaid, Martineen. Though it's five miles off I imagined I heard the swish of her tail and she coming out of the say, and 'twas like by the force of her some of the spray was splashed hithermost. Isn't it a queer cackle she has itself, like a gander or a corncrake. Whist, agin ?

VOICE OUTSIDE : Gay-gay ; gay-gay ; gay-gay.

MOLL ANNE (*returning to seat*) : She must be returned to the say, and, glory be to God, by the huge sound she made in returning she must have a tail like a whale. Upon my seconds, if she hit Uncle Shemus a shlap of it she'd have made a pancake of him all out ; and, faix, maybe 'tis threatening you she is, Martineen, for thinking of destroying the green stone.

MARTINEEN : I think I understand her capers, Moll Anne, and I'd say it's only funning she is. There do be great tasby in mermaids in the month of June. (*Advancing to hearth.*) Well, destiny commands, so let it be ; and here goes for the green stone.

(*Bangs stone on hearth. An explosion. Semi-darkness on stage. Sound of coins. Loud ejaculations and gurgles of delight. Great excitement on stage, and "Eleanor, you diggle," and "Thade agin" are heard. When stage clears Thade is discovered sitting on small pot, Sylvester on box, and Eleanor holding a boot in her hands, their visages beaming with delight.*)

Moll Anne, smiling, is holding a little jug in her hands, Martineen standing near hearth, with a look of detachment.)

THADE : The decent green stone ! And to fill my little pot with the real goold ; hot and fresh it is, and there must be a kind of gas in it, and the power of it striving to raise the lid. And, what's in the box by you, Sylvester ?

SYLVESTER (*gleefully*) : Goold. And I'm thinking the mother has got the full of an old boot of it by the appearance is on her ; but it trying to escape from her and the heat that's in it.

ELEANOR (*determinedly*) : The devil a fear 'twill escape from me, Sylvester, and the houl't I have of it.

THADE : Shemus can be having his three thousand dollars, but it's Horrocks's demesne I'll buy, and the Great House with the big bay windows in it. No more common cars for me, but a phaeton and two cream-coloured horses. I must get three new suits of clothes. Myself and Eleanor will take a trip to Dublin. Still, we might get run over by a tram-car. I wonder will we go or will we not go. (*Testily, unable to solve the problem.*) I don't know whether we will or not. We'll go to the sayside, anyway—to Ballybingun—for a fortnight. We must give the cook something and we coming away ; but we needn't be telling the whole world about our goold, and the cook needn't be expecting extra from us : we'll give her a few halfpence the same as the rest. After all, what would I want buying three new suits of clothes for, and the suit I got last August good for two years more ? What a fool I'd be to be buying clothes to be going by moths. We won't bother with that demesne either—Jane and Sylvester can be buying demesnes when we're dead. 'Twould give the game away on us, Eleanor, if we bought a demesne, and we within a year of the pension. And we won't say a word about the goold (*nodding to Eleanor*) ; better for us have the pension.

MARTINEEN : Well, who'd think all that goold would come out of the green stone—and the stone didn't foretell it, either.

MOLL ANNE : And what about my little glass jug of goold here, but there isn't a stir out of my goold, and it having got the air.

THADE : A sensible stone entirely, giving a potful to the old man, a boxful to Sylvester, and a good boot of it to the old woman. And there must be twenty good sovereigns in Moll Anne's little glass jug. And, like a good little girleen now, be putting it in the

money-box for yourself; it will come in handy for the rainy day-a.

MOLL ANNE (*cutely, putting index finger to eye*): Do you see any green in that eye, father! And now I have the chance I won't have Sister Mercedes remarking again the way I do be dressed going to the Convent School, and Roseen Daly going in a pure lady, though she coming out of a labourer's cottage, and Sister Mercedes saying 'twas a queer thing surely with the decentized farm of land my father had, and the big valuation on it showing it must be a good farm. (*Getting off seat.*) I'll be as good as Roseen, anyway, and I'll buy a new dress and a new jumper, and a pair of light shoes, and a nice black ribbon for my hair, I will so. (*Empties jug of coins into fist, then carefully lifts fold of dress and puts coins in pocket.*) Eileen Fitjarald goes to school every day on her bicycle for herself, and why shouldn't I if I have enough left to purchase one—anyway, I might have enough to purchase a second-hand. (*Throws little shawl across shoulders, trots to door, her mind full of her intended purchases, lifts latch and goes out deliberately without looking back, and drawing door to behind her.*)

THADE: Upon my soul, those holy women in the convents and the notions of grandeur they do be putting into the scholars' heads—God forgive me for saying it!—but with their extravagances and their capers they're nearly as cracked as the people outside. A jumper!—in the name of God, what is that?—and a bicycle!—

SYLVESTER (*reprovingly*): Wouldn't you keep quiet! With your arguifying with the little girl and your shifting, isn't it the lid that riz, and there did surely ten fine sovereigns go flying up through the thatch.

THADE (*hitting pot with stick*): What the dickens hopping have they out of it and the hurry they were into it. The gas and the power of the hot, fresh goold! But, 'twill be all right, Sylvester, when 'twill cool.

MARTINEEN (*as if coming out of a preoccupation, advancing*): Lord God, isn't there great trouble in guarding goold. (*Suddenly, as if waking up to the realities of the situation, looking queeringly from Sylvester to Thade.*) But is it anything at all, I'll get?

SYLVESTER: I have to keep the cover pressed down or the whole lot

would fly out in one go. (*To Thade.*) There must be some change in the pockets by you after selling that pig at the fair.

THADE (*putting hand in left pocket*): There is only a five pound note in the pocket.

SYLVESTER: I'll engage you aren't without some silver, and wouldn't you search now?

THADE (*putting hand in right pocket*): The smallest I have is a five-shilling piece—and what would a man want with five shillings in an ordinary week-day evening?

SYLVESTER (*gruffly*): It's shifting you are again, and it's more of the grand goold you'll be losing. In the name of all that's good, give him that crown piece and have done with it.

THADE (*stretching hand towards Martineen, peevishly*): Here it is, sure, and take it.

MARTINEEN (*taking piece*): 'Tis too much; no, it isn't too much but 'tis enough; 'tis enough but 't isn't too much. (*With a knowing look.*) Well, now, I wanted a half-quarter of tobacco, but I didn't send the message by Moll Anne, for I had another notion. People are getting very respectable lately, and 'twouldn't do to go to the village without an excuse. My excuse will be the half-quarter of tobacco, do you mind, but another thing is taking me, so, having my excuse, begob I'll bowl down to Miss Faley's and have a couple of pints of porter for myself. (*Makes a few capers on floor and goes out gaily.*)

CURTAIN.



The Living Man

By DONALD BOYD.

The night this queer thing happened to us, the night we found the fault, as we call it, was somewhere about Midsummer night. It is only a year or two ago, but it seems almost as far back as the things one grew up with. Bentley lies across it, and we tried by many means to get in touch with him, but only with a half success. Once, as we were sitting on the slope of Penhill, above Wensleydale, at the end of a summer day, we had been talking of him, and in that quiet of the countryside my wife swears she heard him at his forge. I don't pretend to explain anything. It may have been simply the time, the place, and the mood. But I remember she turned to me with such an expression on her face that I felt myself committed to the silence with which one attends a miracle. I said nothing, and I heard nothing except the usual country noises : a sheep far off, a bee, like a 'cello, sawing his way to the valley. My wife tells me she was thinking of Bentley, and feeling grieved that we had been able to do nothing very much, when quite suddenly she heard three distinct and separate blows on an anvil. That, she said, was like an announcement. Then the noise spread out and broadened. She says she cannot describe it, but as nearly as possible it was like the scene in the "Mastersingers" where the cobbler—Sachs—sits hammering at his last and singing to himself, while the orchestra goes full pelt all round the theme. She said the noise of the forge and the singing made her feel like that. It moved her very much indeed. One look at her face showed me that. Since then we have not tried to get to Bentley. My wife says she is sure there is no need, and though we don't understand it, I think we both feel it is all right with him.

It is surprising that one Midsummer night should make such a difference to our lives. Perhaps it is not surprising that my wife should have been vividly impressed and changed, for I am inclined to believe that she had some blood relationship with Bentley. That is a tremendous thing to say, but it may be true for all that, and after long pondering I see it squares with all the rest. She came from that part of the country. She cannot remember her father or her home, and I cannot think how we could have found the inn if she had not known the way, unconsciously, maybe. As for me, I was impressed, deeply impressed. And though I scarcely spoke more than a score words with Bentley, he remains for me the one man

among my acquaintances with whom I should feel always completely at ease, with little need for talk, and with a profound conviction that he was a man who knew and had felt so much that his mind was entirely free from any tie or any dishonesty. I mean to say I regard Bentley as a man intensely curious and meditative, and, at the same time, completely human. He gave me the impression of a man who had discarded everything that wasn't evidence, and everything in the nature of a rule to be applied to others. That is, so far as conduct of life went. I am sure he had no idea where he stood in the eyes of absolute goodness, or virtue, or the absolute origin—whatever you may call it, but he gave me the idea that he was sure it existed. After all, some such change might be expected in one who had lived through an experience like his. But this is, for the most part, all imagination. As I said, I have scarcely spoken a score words with Bentley, all of them trivial, and all with a man who is beyond explanation or examination.

That is what it amounts to. What his state may be I cannot guess. I only know he does exist, and I am convinced that however much he may have sinned, he is nearer to the power we call God than we are, and to my wife that was fully proved by the extraordinary note of abasement and triumph in the music she heard on the hill above Wensley village.

As I said, it all happened within a few hours on a Midsummer night. We had driven long past the true sunset, and it was perhaps after nine when we halted by the roadside to watch the mist growing up in the valley. Our road ran along the top, so we could see down the slope of the hill right among the young green below, now looking blue and cold in the smoke of the light. I remember it very vividly as one of the most beautiful evenings of my life; though that impression is due perhaps to the sharpness of what followed. I remember noticing for the first time how each of the scattered trees on the opposite hillside seemed to collect a ring of darkness round it which wrapped the foliage and spread over the grass; I remember noticing for the first time that the early parts of these late summer nights are really astonishing, not, as we say, for shadows, but for lack of shadow. The darkness seems to well up out of the earth. After we had stopped there for a few minutes we got back into the car without any conversation that I remember. We drove on in the half darkness, feeling, as no doubt many motorists do, that we were gliding over luminous water. We glided into a dip and started a

rapid climb through tall, dark trees which cut off all light and almost closed overhead. It was a straight road under the trees. We were just approaching the top, so far as I could make out, when the trees on the left thinned, and through the holes we could see on the crest a rake of trees with the moon behind them. It looked a very long way off.

At that moment my wife called out, "Right." I turned as she directed, having been, as I thought, misled by the mist. "Do you know this road?" I asked, startled by her warning. "No," she said, doubtfully, "but I felt we should go this way." We bumped horribly as she spoke, and I switched on the lights. The mist, however, was very thick, and the road looked quite good, just as good as one could have expected it to be in that part of the country. We began to descend very rapidly. I noticed the roadsides were quite bare, like a road over a pass; unmade or unfinished as it were. It looked strange after so luxuriant a patch as the last ten miles, but the trees began in a minute, and shot up over us as we plunged downwards. It was like being buried, and I confess I felt very uncomfortable.

Frankly, I cannot say how long that descent took. Ordinarily I would be able to say "a few minutes" or "twenty minutes" from memory. But memory does not serve here. My thoughts, quite suddenly and distinctly with that plunge, were beset by quite unreasonable and horrible fears. The worst of them was that they hadn't at first any shape. As we say, I was afraid. This atmosphere of dread gripped me so intensely that it seemed to last for hours, and after the first realisation of my state I found that I was beginning to see things. My hands were gripping the steering wheel so tightly that I could not, or dare not, take one of them off to wipe my face. And they were cold and damp, and, as it seemed to me, sensible of every nervous thrill in my body. I was in that feverish state of nightmare one has when only half asleep. The trees seemed as if they were really moving. Though by this time I was driving slowly, very slowly, the trees did seem to move. I could swear to seeing some lift themselves from the ground just as we passed them; and I dared not look round to see. I saw at least one flicker in the air before it settled down just as we came to a near view of it. And if you can believe me, it was pitch black, yet I distinctly saw light between one tree and the stump it was about to stand on; I saw it settle—there is no other word. I saw it settle and quiver as though finding its balance. It was very horrible, and in a sudden hysteria I realised

that if I looked round I should see no trees behind. And I scarcely dared look in front. Had it not been for the necessity of driving and straining for a glimpse into the mist, I should have been struck by complete panic.

I nearly was. My eyes were fixed on the beam where it flickered on the mist. Suddenly it went out. I must have touched the switch. At once there was a grating, scraping, tapping noise on the car, like live crabs in a tin bowl. I believe I shouted out. When I found the switch and turned on the lights I saw what had happened. The trees had bowed, bowed to meet us, and their awful fingers had closed over the car. The avenue was still rippling in front of us. I jumped on the accelerator, determined to get clear of the place, and as I did I was nearly startled out of my wits by a sound from the back of the car. It was my wife laughing. She laughed and said, "What queer tricks the light plays." The very tone of her laugh proved she had seen nothing to frighten her. The strain of that descent had made me forget she was there, and I was so shocked I turned round to look at her, quite forgetting my fear; and when I next looked at the road I saw the ordinary corner of an ordinary country lane, and beyond it a light.

It was an inn; a long, low building set back a little from the road. It had low windows with red curtains, brightly lighted, and a small barrel hung over the door. I lifted the latch and walked in. The bar was opposite me, a small, three-sided glass cage at the end of a flagged passage, and in the bar there was a man gaping at us as we walked up to him. He was leaning over the counter, with his hands gripping its edge till the knuckles looked like chalk, and on his face was frozen a look of amazement and consternation.

"My God," he croaked, "My God, what are you?"

"Only travellers," I said, "seeking a road."

He didn't seem to take this in.

"Do you ——?" he began, and swallowed the rest down. "Are you ——?"

"We lost our way on the top," I assured him, "and came down the hill."

"Then you've—you've come by road?"

"Oh! yes, we've come by road."

"It's the loneliness," he said, "sometimes I used to find it very upsetting." He still looked completely bewildered, but he came out

of the bar and said he would show us the way. I suggested a cup of tea. He looked at me very queerly, but said politely :

"I am sorry I cannot make you tea. But if this lady will go into the kitchen I am sure she will find everything that is needful. There is a kettle on the fire. There is always a kettle on the fire." He looked at her very keenly.

"Certainly," Barbara said quickly, "thank you very much," and went to the door at the left of the bar.

"Would you excuse me if I asked her name?"

"It is Barbara N——," I said. "Do you know her?"

"I thought I did," he replied, clearly much engaged. But I could not read the expression on his face.

"Perhaps I could have a drink " I said.

"If you would like rum. I have nothing but rum in the house—"

I agreed. He pulled up a small keg and tapped it there before my very eyes. I was very much interested by the man. He was not distinguished by any trick of appearance. He had a short, rather fleshy face, cut square, a good nose and deep-set eyes. All these things may be commonplace, yet in the innkeeper they met together in such a look as makes one wonder whether there is not, in fact, some one person who unites the qualities of *homo sapiens* in an ideal sort of averageness, a person who is the synthesis of humanity, so to speak, a person not easily moved by any of the passions, not far from evil and with a bias towards good. He suggested that to me, and more. For when I recalled the disturbance he had undergone only a few minutes ago when we came in, and saw him now, perfectly controlled in behaviour, I could not help admiring. His nostrils were still somewhat dilated, but he went about the business of tapping the keg with a scrupulous care that suggested contrarily that it was something that was strange to him, but only strange because he had to recapture from memory each of the processes fitting to respectful treatment of good liquor. He poured out a stiff peg and handed it across the counter.

"I should be very pleased if you would take a glass with me," I said. He turned on me a level and penetrating gaze, and said, "What makes you say that?" It was as if the very soul of the man, the categorical imperative, had spoken, and I could only reply with all honesty that I wanted to talk to him, and the invitation seemed an excuse.

"I haven't tasted liquor for years," he replied simply, "and

casual talk is empty stuff." He gave me another square look, so full of warmth and of truth that I only smiled and nodded.

We stood thus, silently, one on one side of the bar and one on the other, for some minutes, while I tried to grasp the second elusive quality of the man. His unrivalled air of frankness and warmth was clear to me, but there was something behind. It seemed as though he had difficulty in finding his way to ordinary physical things. His handling of the keg had that manner. It seemed to imply a knowledge of the nature of things and a separation from them. It was as if the man had no lusts. The fantastic idea came into my head that it was only the shell of a man; that he was hollow. It was as if he had heard me and wished to interrupt.

"I fear you will have to be going," he said, "the nights are short nowadays." It then occurred to me that we were lost, and that in spite of that solid inn, whose plastered walls I touched, and that semi-solid, but most real innkeeper, there lay outside a fantastic world which had shown me the edge of its horror. The idea of that journey returned to me in sickening force, like the pangs of a grave affliction temporarily forgotten. The image of that nightmare hill came to my mind. I was swallowed up by a sea of vivid fears, and imagined every conceivable horror waiting outside. I could see myself on hands and knees climbing up a sheer precipice, while a devil with a handful of trees tried to sweep me off the rock. It was only for a fraction of a second that this unnatural panic captured me, for again the innkeeper, catching a reflection of my thought, as it might have been from my face, interrupted it. Leading me to the door, he pointed on down the road.

"I think I should take that road," he said, "keeping to the right. Let us see now if your wife is ready."

He turned back indoors and knocked at the kitchen door, saying, with calm assurance and a glance round at me, "I have no doubt she will settle it." Barbara was in a tall chair, gazing into the fire.

"He thinks we ought to go," I said.

"Yes, I think we should," she answered. I began to offer to pay the reckoning, but he stopped me. "It is so long since this house has entertained anyone that I should be pleased if you would be its guests." I thanked him, and we got into the car, switched on the lights, and started down the road as he had directed. He called out "Good luck" to us as we drove away, and we left him standing in the doorway. Barbara seemed abstracted and not inclined for talk, so we

went on silently. After about half a mile the road bent to the right, as he had said. It seemed good enough, but I had the uncanny feeling that I must drive carefully. It was like facing that shocking descent again. For a mile we went thus, myself growing more anxious that if there were any obstacle we should meet it quickly and have done with it. Where the idea came from I don't know. And then, just at the top of a hump-backed hill it came true. The road was barred; that was my first impression, that an enormous tree trunk was felled across it. I sat there in the driver's seat for a moment, shocked by this fantasy that had come true, and then got out to see what it was.

There was no tree trunk. There was nothing, nothing at all. I cannot explain how awful it was to see the road dimly under my feet, and observe that it simply ran away, melted away, like flood water frothing into dry ground. Then I pulled myself together, reminding myself that it was a trick of light, and that the road was simply dropping into a valley. To prove it I started forward, when Barbara suddenly stopped me. "Don't go," she shouted. I returned to her at once. "I don't like this place," she explained, "turn round and drive back." I so thoroughly agreed with her it didn't occur to me to ask why, though she hadn't said anything before to suggest that she had noticed the queerness of everything. I turned the car round and we drove back. The road seemed to have altered. It curved the wrong way, and I was becoming again uneasy when we saw a building on the left. We had travelled over a mile. It was a forge with the fire crackling under a fresh dressing of small coke. There was nobody there. I looked all around the place, and even put my hand on the bellows shaft to make the sparks fly. It was such a comfortable sight in that grisly place, and Barbara, who had left the car, faced me across the angle of the fire and warmed her hands over the coke. Then, outside, she said, "We must find the road to the inn and ask him. This way is no good. Look at that." She pointed along the road. It seemed to end in a whale-back of a hill as high and impressive as a cloud. The moon seemed to frost the edge of it all its length. We stood in the road, Barbara's arm in mine, and I felt her start. She was looking down. "Have you noticed the moon here?" she said. Absently I said "No," and got back into the car without further talk, preparing to drive on. "We must turn again," Barbara said, "I think we just missed the road to the inn."

"We ought to have seen it."

"Perhaps we weren't looking for it. If you will trust me and go steadily I'll stand up in the back and try and spot it." We went on like that for a few minutes till Barbara sang out "Right." There was indeed an opening. It might have been anything, a gateway, an angle for road metal, but it turned out all right, for in a few minutes we saw the inn. "Thank God," I said, drawing up. The landlord was still standing in the doorway.

"No luck?" he said.

"They looked very dangerous," I said.

"Ah!" He walked across to us and said very urgently, "You must go back up the hill." Barbara leaned out of the back of the car and said :

"Is there no way past the forge?"

He took a full step back and flung up his arms like a cross. It was so dark we could scarcely see his face, it was enough to hear the emotion in his voice—"Did you say the forge?" "Just down the road." He took a few steps up and down, and came back to us with his arms folded over his apron.

"Was the fire alight?"

"Yes, I raked some coke on it."

"God be praised," he sang, "it is done."

It was the strangest scene in the whole of the journey. His short, squat figure stood there dimly outstanding from the white walls of the inn, staring at us and yet disregarding us utterly. His eyes, one felt, were searching far beyond the Pleiades, and after those six words had burst out of him he stood stock still. I have said he sang them. I never heard a man sing for joy before, but it was singing. He sang it out full and loud, so that the whole night rang with it, and we held our breath, waiting for the night to reply in some swelling chorus. It was one of those rare moments of life when the stars seem to tell celestial confidences, and the mortal body quivers weakly in the expansion of an immortal aspiration.

We sat dumb in the face of this secret demonstration. He came up and put his hand on my arm and said :

"Drive up the hill. There is no difficulty about the hill ; take it fast, as fast as possible, and you will be at the top in three or four minutes. Take it fast and go now."

I was letting in the clutch.

"But ——" Barbara began.

"Drive on," he shouted to me, "and don't stop till you're over

the hill," and to Barbara he said, half running alongside, "Take this, it is all done with now." I waved my hand for a good-bye, more moved than I can say by the power of love, affection, friendliness—I don't know what to call it—in his voice.

"Barbara," I said. She bent forward. "Yes, I know," she whispered.

He was quite right about the hill. My spirits rose all the way up, and I never remember the car pulling better. She ran as steadily as a rock and as smoothly as an arrow. We passed the wood which had looked so eerie at such a speed that made the echo of the exhaust throb in our ears. There was no difficulty at all. It wasn't quite as short as he had said. I had not expected it would be. It took perhaps a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes before I was sure I was on the top. The car actually slowed when we got there. The road became worse, much worse, and the headlamps showed it to be rutted and rather overgrown with grass. This surprised me, but I did not stop, I drove on to a cross road with one of the big new signposts on it, and there, turning to the right, mounted by a cutting to open country, moorland on the ridge to the left and a scarf of scattered rowans, silver birch, and pines to the right, dotted amongst the limestone. I stopped. "We're all right now," I said.

There was no answer.

I turned round. She was not there.

Well, I found her, of course. She was slumped down in the well of the car, fainted clean away. I spread a coat on the heather and dragged her to it, and found the thermos flask, forced some fairly hot coffee into her mouth. She choked and began to come round. "It's all right," I kept on saying stupidly, as it seemed to me then. After a few minutes she opened her eyes and looked up at me as I knelt there, repeating those silly words. I stopped at once, so glad to have her back there.

"Have you done it?" she asked. "The hill?"

"We're miles over the hill, we're on solid ground."

"Then you've guessed?"

"I've guessed nothing. I only mean we're far away from that ghastly hill we went down, where the trees move."

"You saw them move," she repeated in a whisper, and half lifted herself, looked round in the gathering light, and for a long time lay there quietly in the silence.

"How sharp everything is. See ——." She pulled a tuft of

heather towards us. "Look how each tiny branch stands out against my hand. Look at the dew on it and the cobwebs. Dear trees! These trees don't move unless the wind blows. Everything has an edge to it. Soon everything will have a shadow ——"

"There were no shadows!" I cried. "No shadows at all—there was a moon, but no shadow—God! where have we been?"

"It's all right now," she whispered, taking my hands. "You've guessed, haven't you? You know, but you've not discovered it yet." She scraped up a handful of the black, speckled earth. "Smell this, of the earth, earthy. There was no such smell down there." I let the stuff drop through my fingers, bewildered.

"What did you see, what happened?" I asked, giving up.

"I saw the real earth and we were not on it. I saw the cliff we had to climb, and I couldn't believe in us. If I had not fainted I should have screamed."

"What do you mean? I don't understand."

"We drove over the cliff and returned," she said, very low.

"My dear, my dear, it can't be so," I said, while everything in my head seemed to accept it.

"Look at this," she said, "he gave it to me down there."

It was a little black notebook of cheap paper, with a shiny back. One end was full of scrawls, such as a child makes with a broken pencil. Then a few pages on there was a line of writing. It said, "Rab Bentley, her book," and under was the first attempt at a copy, given up before the capital B. I turned to the other end, and there found what we were looking for. I cannot give all those first pitiful pages, half delirious and incoherent, terror-struck and abased. Lucid sentences were scattered in firm writing among the crazy adult scrawl of the pages. Many weeks were in a few pages, I guessed, though there were no dates.

"Pray for the soul of Joseph Bentley, dead a fortnight past." That seemed to be the first sober entry. There followed several pages of blasphemy, a blank page, and facing it in a solitude of paper and written very small: "Not dead." The writing was quite firm. It gave the impression that the writer had met great shock. After it there came more incoherence and ravings, of which this extract, in the original, takes about five pages:

"Where in hell am I then . . . Tophet was a place. And in the middle of the night three dead men got up to fight. rum. RUM. It's not heaven, it's not hell. Why is it so dark always. This place is full

of noises. They can't frighten Joseph Bentley, blacksmith, Joseph Bentley, Esquire, Jo Bentley, J. Bentley. Where's J. Bentley?"

And the next sober sentence was at the foot of this stuff. "God forgive me," it ran, "I have brought the girl with me." Following that, shortly, came a passage which looked as though it had been written in drink but was still controlled. "I am still drunk," it began, "I am frightened." Then there was a break of several tormented hours, I imagine, and this followed, the first long, connected passage in the notebook :

"I know how I came here. I came here in drink. I have come often in drink. In drink did I walk over the fault and came to no ill; time and time again I did it, holding more liquor than any other man, and walked back. The last time I met Rab looking for me. I said, 'Come along, Rab,' and I carried her over. She was fast asleep and she trusted me. I woke up here sober. There is no way out now, I have tried in drink and sober. I must drink no more here." This was scored under.

He did not put down a great deal. There is mention of a tally and short entries like this : "Third month—not yet"—"Fourth month—I started out but called her back. Not strong enough." And then came the last of the dated entries, written in an erratic and exhausted hand :

"6th month—This night of October I have done it. I wrote to say would the reader take her and bring her up, not let her free, and to burn the letter and never say anything to her about it or me, her father, having killed himself, and I pinned it on her pinafore and set her up the road just before dark, telling her to give that note to the first house, and I followed as far as I dare, till the white cliff stared me in the face. She said she believed every word I said. I said the road was easy and short, and I followed, wishing her on, and when I could go no further because of the fault rising up there in my face, I knelt on the road and kept on wishing it on her to get up until I saw her go into the trees on the top. My little dear has gone."

And following :

"I fell asleep over the table. I dreamed a lot of people came up to me and asked if I was Joseph Bentley, who used to be named for a good shoeing smith and a good ironworker. 'I am that one,' I told them, 'but I have no forge now.' And that made me feel ashamed before them all. 'Why don't you find another?' one said, and they

all crowded round and said, 'Make another, away from the inn.' Rab was there, and smiled and waved to me, but I could not hear what she said. Then they all melted away."

After that the entries go on increasing in length and getting fewer in number. Scanning them hastily in the light of the early morning, I began to get a faint idea of a change in the man. Here, for instance—"Five years, I reckon, but time doesn't matter. I have come a long way. Here it is easier, once begun, than on solid earth. Once I said 'Pray for my soul.' Not now. Employ it. Once I said 'God,' many times. I am not sure what God is except a name people use. The soul finds a way nearer to knowing. This, where I am, is not real. But it is realer than the ordinary earth. For it is nearer to whatever lies beyond. This is a jumping-off place. If I could get back to my forge I could find out more. I reckon it'll be like working up by physical stages, first getting rid of the drink, then getting back to the forge. Maybe that'll be the last physical stage, because I was only a blacksmith. But the other part, what comes into my head awake and asleep, that is far beyond drink and the smithy, though drink brought me to it. The forge will be like a sign. When I've got it back, then I shall know I'm right. But I am sure I am right. I am sure because I feel at last free to think of everything for myself, without drink making me a fool, or religion or women, free like a speck of dust, and with every search the unseen world comes nearer and greater, making firm its promises buried in me and all of us.

"The nature of God is the last mystery, not the first."

I finished reading. It was the last entry.

"I should like to go back just for a minute," I said, after a space.

"Yes."

We drove back to the signpost and stopped. There was no road except the one we were on and a secondary road leading to the hill-top on our right.

My wife got out, and we went searching for some opening in the trees on our left. She found it, or she found our wheel tracks, which were faintly visible in the dewy grass. Together we followed through a gap in the hedge, and then saw through a screen of hazels a grassy ride between the trees. Together we walked to the end of it, and stood on the very edge of the cliff. Several hundred feet below we could see the field walls like a smudgy drawing on the mist.

"It is impossible," I said, after a long silence. "Just a night-

mare. We never—How could anyone go over there and not ——?”

“But look,” Barbara said, her voice full of awe, and pointed to the edge of the grass. There, as clear as daylight, were wheel tracks. Our wheel tracks. And they ran off clean into space, and out of space they came back.

“I think,” she whispered, “I must be that little girl who climbed up that hill, sobbing over every step because her father sent her away.”

“You know?”

“I feel it. Nobody but she could have gone back.”

“Then Bentley is between us and mother earth below?”

“Yes.”

The words of the notebook came into my head. “Pray for the soul of Joseph Bentley,” I repeated, “dead this fortnight past.”

“Not dead,” she reminded me, “but beyond our prayers.”

The sun was just melting the mist over the plain.

“Look,” she said, “there is nothing there, nothing we can touch.”

We walked away in silence.



Twenty Golden Years Ago

By HARRY C. PHIBBS.

We had come out of the green silences to where the steel rails cut an arrogant path through the northern forest.

Our canoes and duffle lay near the huddle of log cabins—a trading post, some trappers' homes,

Inside the post the guide and my companions showed their trophies and told the incidents of the trip to the cockney factor—who had an Indian wife and ten halfbreed children.

The air in there was anæsthetic with smoke, and the boys had settled down in patient waiting for midnight, when "The Trans-continental" would come screaming out of the darkness, absorb us into its line of lighted windows, and whirl us away from the green forests to the great cities,

One more chance at the forests, the pungency of the conifers, and the imposing silence of the waste lands.

"You go for walk, Harry, eh?" from Jean, the guide, "Maybe you bring dat pistol along and bring back couple partridge?"

Outside, the chill made the collar of my mackinaw comfortable around my ears. A cold evening wind was playing an overture for the snow that would soon come slithering down from the barrens.

Up there, there is little space to walk. It is river man's country—even the hunting is mostly done from a canoe. So I picked my way along the tracks from tie to tie, making short steps—those steps which have earned the track-walkers the name of "gandy dancers."

Down a little way another house squats in a clearing—the section man's place—and opposite it some men were lifting a handcar off the tracks. I could see the boss berating them as they stowed their tools and shoved the car off the steel—and there was a tang, an indefinable familiarity about the tones.

For a moment I was lost to place it. . . . It was familiar. . . . And then I had it! It was Dublin!

"G'wan there, now! Go in and get your suppers."

"Hello!" from me.

"Hello, there!" from him.

"Just walking around a bit, waiting for the train," I explained.

"Oh, you're one of them hunters from the States. Have any luck?"

And then I was standing, facing him.

"Luck? Yes, lots of it. Two moose and a bear for three of us." And then we both stopped and stared.

"Be ——! I know you! Damned if I don't know you—Dublin—Harry Phibbs!"

"John!" I had forgotten his other name, and was ashamed to admit it.

Then we jumped at each other and thumped and slapped shoulders, and threw our heads back and laughed—and the Adam's apple in my throat seemed to swell, and a precious pipe was dropped and forgotten.

Who can explain or express the whirl of question and answer that comes at such a meeting? It took at least half-an-hour.

And then we were sitting together on a felled log outside his door, while the opal glory of a northern evening was swallowed by a star-speckled night—and John told his story.

This is his story, told as he puffed smoke incense from his pipe to the gods of the forest—who seemed to gather closer as the gloom deepened.

"I was always the wandering boy of the family. I had an itch to the soles of me feet. I never seemed to be able to stay with one thing long enough to make much of a hand at it.

"Up in the schools of North Richmond Street the brothers used to say I had a head on me, but I never would use it except for divilment.

"Then' along came the Revival, and that gave me something to keep me busy—and there, too, I jumped from one thing to another.

"It was the hurdling or the dancing or the singing, but as, for getting down to the hard work of learnin' the Irish language like some of the other lads, why, I never seemed to get beyond 'Connuis ata tu and 'Slan leat.'

"But, oh boy! Do you remember how all the doings and goings on lifted us out of the rut when we were lads?

"Do you remember the hurley matches up in Phoenix Park, and we Dublin fellows were pretty bad hurlers, too—only learning how to handle the caman, while the country lads seemed to be born with a stick in their fist and could pick the ball out of your eye?

"Do you remember the old Celtic team, with their jerseys of green and orange? Sean Connolly was the captain. What a lad he was, too! I read about him in Easter Week, leading the attack on Dublin Castle, and getting a bullet in the forehead in the height of

the fight. Well, I can imagine that, when I think back to such a day as the day we played the Keatings, all Munster lads, with their blue jerseys and three crowns on 'em—hurlers from the cradle, who could play rings around the poor Celtics. What you might call a forlorn hope—but there was Sean and the rest of us in there, fighting till the last whistle, although there was never a chance for us.

“Do you remember the nights we used to have at the old Celtic Club down in the shabby little rooms in Middle Abbey Street? Ah, we never knew what we were living through then. The boys and girls sitting on the plain forms around a deal table, and Bill Rooney reading out the *Manuscript Journal*, reading poetry and prose first-hand for us that was to make history afterwards.

“I remember the first night he read ‘Ballyellis’ and ‘Dear Dark Head,’ and the poor fellow would be burning up to get through with it, because he would have a dozen other different places to go to talk and teach.

“And then, when he would go home to the North Strand, where he lived, soaked to the skin with rain, he would sit down to write editorials for Griffith’s *United Irishman*.

“And Arthur Griffith would be there, perhaps, with that steady face of his and the little voice that you could hardly hear a few feet away from him, and he would read for us pages of staggering figures about what Ireland could do, and we used to praise them, but never knew they were prophecy.

“And then somebody would ask Dudley Diggs to get up and recite a piece of poetry. A fine looking, slim lad he was these times. I hear he’s a great actor down in the States now.

“Do you remember old O’Neill Russell, that used to go around—a tall, thin old man, with white moustache and goatee like a Kentucky colonel? And he would tell you tales of daring by ancient Irish heroes, and mix them up with stories of six-shooters and bad men from his own experiences in the early days out in the West.

“And then, do you remember the first time we got up the Samhain festival in the Ancient Concert Rooms, and what work and fun we had getting ready for it? Alice Milligan would be around rehearsing us for her play, ‘The Coming of Red Hugh,’ and helping to paint the scenery and to make the costumes—the busiest and cleverest woman you ever saw.

“And Frank Fay played the principal part in that little drama, and they were all talking about organising the Irish Players then.

"And do you remember when they did organise the Irish Players, and they made their first appearance in the little parish hall in Clarendon Street, and they produced 'Caitlin' and A. E.'s 'Deirdre,' and the hall was so small and the seats were so near the stage that we had to stretch muslin in front of the stage to give what Yeats called 'atmosphere'?"

"I'll never forget that night. The sight of Maude Gonne coming on as Caitlin, and how tall she looked—be God, she looked about nine foot high on the little stage! And the voice of her—it sent quivers running up and down me back! And the people were so astonished they laughed from nervousness when Willie Fay, as the old father, offered her a shilling.

"And Yeats, fussing around all over the hall, waving his long hair at everybody, and telling the actors not to act, but to recite their parts as if they were reciting poetry.

"And Lady Gregory and O'Neill Russell and Edward Martin in the background of it all, having fierce arguments about how everything should be done and should not be done.

"And do you remember the little tobacco shop up in North Frederick Street, where they used to keep a book where you could write anything in any language except English, and the writin' in it was mostly Gaelic, but it had nearly every other language, includin' some Boer that was written by a fellow named Whalen?"

"And the fellows would sit around that shop until two and three o'clock in the mornin', listening to Tadhg O'Donoghue reciting Gaelic poetry, and although we didn't know the meaning of a single word except 'agus,' we knew it was poetry by the way Tadhg spoke it.

"And how we discussed there everything, from the earth below to the skies above, until McGarvey would tell us that the tobacco we were buying would not pay for the gas bills, and Scelig would ask him to wait a minute—he had to finish the last act of a play before he put the lights out.

"And do you remember when we started to revive the Irish dancing, and the Munster men in the Keating branch learned how to dance a four-hand reel?"

"Not to be outdone, the Connaught men in the McHale branch imported a dancing master from the wilds of Connemara, a fellow named McGlynn, who could dance a hornpipe and play the fiddle at the same time.

"And what a fine crop of dancers we reared in Dublin then—

boys and girls that gave the country lads a run for their money at the competitions.

"After that started, if you dared dance a waltz or a polka your head would be broke or your eye would be out.

"And do you remember when the Frenchman (a Count, I think he was) named Fournier got up a league of all the Celtic people and began wearing kilts? He had Irishmen and Welshmen, Scotsmen and Frenchmen, and even Englishmen from Cornwall, parading the streets of Dublin, dressed up as druids and gallowglasses, and he wore the kilts himself all the time—and he looked a sight in them.

"And then big Bill Gibson, that's now Lord Ashbourne, took to wearing the kilts—and he looked fine in them.

"And they had a branch of the Gaelic League over in Stephens Green, with all these queer kind of people in it, and they called it 'The Branch of the Five Provinces,' and we used to call it 'The Branch of the Five Protestants.'

"And do you remember the times we used to go tramping out in the Wicklow Mountains? The favourite rendezvous was the Hellfire Club, the old ruined castle on top of a mountain. We would go up there on Saturday night, drenched to the skin, and would light a big turf fire in the old place and sit around it on piles of straw, nearly naked, while our clothes were drying from a line overhead, and we would sing 'The Men of the West' and tell stories about old Santry, who filled his coachman with whisky and then set fire to his breath.

"And then on Sunday we would tramp down over the road to Glencree—that road that the English cut through the mountains when they were fighting Michael Dwyer.

"And there I left all that, looking for adventure! The fool I was! And all the adventure I got was hard work in the lumber camps of Canada, where my leg got hurt, and now I'm a bloody cripple, counting ties on the railway track for amusement—so lonely that I talk to the bushes for fear I would forget how to speak.

"And it was the lads that stayed home that found the adventure—the Revolution of Easter Week, fighting the Black and Tans, standing up and being shot, so it would make you cry you weren't there beside them.

"And every year I thinking I shall be able to save enough money maybe to go back home again, but still, year after year, here I am, just a section man, boss of a bunch of Hunkies, the protector

and guardian of a couple of miles of railroad track through the wilderness!

"Ah, it's twenty years ago, and the grey is speckling my hair, and I'll soon be as gray as a badger, and I'm walking with a limp.

"Twenty golden years ago. Do you remember Mangan's poem :

Oh, the rain—the weary, dreary rain,
How it splashes on the window-sill—
Midnight, too, is on the wane,
Street and lane have grown so still;
Here I sit, with coffee in my cup,
Ah, 'twas seldom I beheld it flow
In the taverns where I used to sup
Twenty golden years ago.

"But, me boy, don't think I'm not trying, because there's gold and silver in this country. They got it up in the Porcupine and they have made a strike at Jellicoe, and every old breed and trapper is looking for conglomerate in the woods.

"And I have a little claim out back there in the timber, and it looks good, and maybe I'll strike gold, or even silver, some day.

"And then I won't be standing at the train, watching it fade away into the distance—going east and east, and my heart along with it!

"But I'll be living in a nice little house out Dalkey way, driving me motor-car in every evening to go to a meeting in this or that club, or to hear a concert, or to see a play, or just to meet some of the fellows and talk.

"Married? Not on your life! All you see up here are squaws and Finns—and a fine sight I'd be, bringing a decent girl out to a Godforsaken wilderness like this.

"But maybe, if my mine turns out good, there might be somebody back in Dublin that wouldn't say 'No' to a bloody old cripple if he had money.

"And I'm going along down the track with you, and I'm going to keep my hands and my eyes on you until you climb aboard the train—and then, you'll write to me sometimes, won't you?"

Book Reviews

THE CRUISE OF THE NONA. By Hilaire Belloc. (Constable, 15s. net.)

This book, by an inimitable writer, is one of Mr. Belloc's best books, and worthy of the author of *The Path to Rome*. Its keynote is in the dedication to Mr. Maurice Baring: "At sea the landsman will find the full model of human life: that is if he sails on his own and in a little craft suitable to the little stature of one man." The "Nona" is a setting for the thoughts of Mr. Belloc's middle-age, as the *Path to Rome* was a setting for the thoughts of Mr. Belloc's youth. Fundamentally, Mr. Belloc has not changed; he has grown a little less uproarious, however, and he has added to his dislikes (worse than Protestantism, worse than the "outer Germanies"!) the English Parliamentary System. The present reviewer is not a yachtsman, but he is sure, after reading the descriptive passages, that Mr. Belloc manages a boat very capably, and that his technical descriptions of a cruise in the narrow seas will be a delight to other yachtsmen. But where is the yachtsman who will accept all of Mr. Belloc's judgments on things other than the sea? There must be something in the book which will anger almost every reader. It is not that Mr. Belloc has prejudices; his only prejudice is a belief in the reason, but so sure is he in this belief that he reaches all his conclusions without qualification, and so he strikes us moderns, accustomed as we are to uncertainties and compromises of the mind and heart, as a violent man. He does use rather violent language about the English Parliament and about Parliaments in general; and he says of Mussolini—"What a contrast . . . what a sense of decision, of sincerity, of serving the nation, and of serving it towards a known end with a definite will!" His point of view as an English patriot and Catholic towards Ireland is interesting. He thinks the "politicians" surrendered to Ireland, and that the true end is not yet, and may be, for England, "very terrible." His own dream as an English Catholic was an "Ireland, the bulwark of England," not a dependency, nor yet separate; that dream is over. We can all enjoy reading about the sea; and Mr. Belloc's statement of his opinions on religion, politics, and history (whether we agree or not) will have the same tonical effect as a sea voyage: let us get and read this book!

* * * *

J.H.

EARLY TUDOR COMPOSERS. By Dr. Grattan Flood. (Oxford University Press, 6s.)

The archives are peculiarly rich in material for the history of

Tudor England. Each successive volume, the work of independent research scholars, has modified many of our established opinions, and in some cases wholly swept them away. Myth has long occupied the shrine of history in England. Should you be familiar with the records of English music and musicians contained in those great authorities, Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, you may feel inclined to believe that you know all there is to be known. Dr. Grattan Flood will pleasantly disillusion you. Herein he has gathered the epitomised life-stories of thirty-two composers, more than a score of whom have been unknown hitherto, even to specialised students. That is a big achievement, to throw such light into so many dark places. This result has been attained by much very hard toil in far-flung sources, with commendable patience. It will add to Dr. Flood's considerable reputation as one of the most notable of contemporary historians of English and Irish music.

Sir Henry Hadow, who writes the preface, gives a just meed of praise to this labour of love. *Early Tudor Composers* will remain long on the bookshelves of the erudite as an authority.

SEAN GHALL.

* * * *

THE COMIC MUSE : AN ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOROUS VERSE. Compiled by J. C. Squire. (London : William Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd., 48, Pall Mall. 6s. net.)

It is not an easy task that Mr. Squire has undertaken. In making an anthology of poetry from any point of view whatever, there would, at least, be this definite criterion—nothing should be included that did not come from the heart and go to the heart; that is to say, nothing that was not poetry. When, however, the appeal is not to the heart, but to that part of the organism where the risible faculties are presumably located, there must be a very wide area of choice and a corresponding difficulty in selection. For laughter is elusive, and depends much upon occasion and circumstance. Mr. Squire assures us that he has included in this collection nothing that did not make him laugh, and by laugh he does not mean smile. We have pondered over this feat, and, without being quite able to accomplish it, we must credit him with a most catholic sense of humour. Marvell's attack on Holland, a troublesome little nation in his time, Byron's "Vision of Judgment," and some music hall songs of twenty years ago (how

tame they seem in cold print, parted from the red-nosed comedian), all these have moved the compiler to articulate, if not equal, glee.

Some old favourites are missing; for instance, that excellent ballad of "St. George and the Dragon" from "Percy's Reliques." "John Gilpin," too, and Peacock's "War Song of Dinas Vawr" are not here. But these are, perhaps, private preferences, and if we take Mr. Squire's anthology as a purely individual selection we shall find much that is delightful.

There are several good epitaphs :

AT LEEDS.

" Here lies my wife,
Here lies she.
Hallelujah !
Hallelujee ! "

ANON.

And Burns :

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

" Here lie Willie Mickie's banes.
O Satan, when ye tak' him,
Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever de'il's he'll mak' 'em."

In recent newspaper commemorations of the career of Lord Clive we do not remember having seen the following by Mr. Bentley :

LORD CLIVE.

" What I like about Clive
Is that he is no longer alive :
There is a great deal to be said
For being dead."

Mr. Squire has given us an excellent specimen of the unintentionally comic, "The Female Friend," by the Rev. Cornelius Whur, from which we cull the following :

" As orbs revolve and years recede,
And seasons onward roll,
The fancy may on beauties feed
With discontented soul.
A thousand objects, bright and fair,

May for a moment shine,
 Yet many a sigh and many a tear
 But mark their swift decline;
 While lasting joys the man attend
 Who has a polished female friend!"

Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, and W. S. Gilbert are well represented. The best work of the modern writers of comic verse, Belloc, Chesterton, and Harry Graham, is to be found in this little volume, which is of a convenient size, neatly arranged, and well turned out by Messrs. William Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd. C.M.

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CONTENT. By Christine Majolier. (Selwyn & Blount, Ltd., London. 7s. 6d. net.)

Content is a book that shows intelligence, intuition, and perception. The author has certainly an original outlook. The impression left on the mind after reading is as if one had been shown the married life of two selected people in panorama. There is the girl living alone; the arrival of the man who is to be the husband; the birth and upgrowing of the family; the scene of its dispersal; the going away of the man; and finally, the old woman in her drawing-room at evening calling for lights and tea.

The book is evidently written from a definite feminine viewpoint, and, presumably, the device of the contrasting figures of the man alone and the woman alone at the end is deliberately intended. The man is immersed in the contemplation of nature at sunset and, through nature, of God; while the woman, as already mentioned, sits idly contented, half-awake, calling for lights and tea. And the author seems to infer that one condition is not higher or better than the other, that they are both the expression of the same underlying experience viewed through the differing media of sex. The study of the woman, Stacey Severin, very minutely and cleverly wrought, seems to me to exhibit many characteristics more commonly assumed to be masculine than feminine, particularly her dominant desire to exist alone and in utter freedom, unhampered by the clash of other personalities and bound to the performance of no duties—a sort of thrilling listlessness, of vital immobility. When such an ideal incarnates I think it is more likely to be found in a man's mind than in a woman's. Of course, it is very unusual, but the study of such a rare temperament shows very clearly the originality of outlook displayed in *Content*.

There is plenty of fundamental brain work and artistic perception in this book. Returning to the panorama simile again, I think the unrolling of the various loves of the children in miniature, against the background of the continued love interest of the parents, is a device extraordinarily well carried out. And as well as this, looming behind all the human interest of both parents and children, there arises the malign influence of the old family mansion, resenting its rebuilding, and forcing into Stacey Severin's mind the thought that the family misfortunes are its vengeance for being disturbed from its dilapidated state.

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THE GREAT PANDOLFO. By William J. Locke. (The Bodley Head, London. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Locke has nothing very illuminating to offer in his new novel. The story drags a little in the latter stages of the book. The work does not strike one as arising from any vivid conception of any particular human outlook. The sense of creative understanding or intuition on the part of the author is entirely absent. Mr. Locke's men are very mechanical; his women are somewhat better. Mr. Locke's method demands a very definite outline and form, and this is exactly what we do not get in *The Great Pandolfo*.

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NO MORE PARADES. By F. M. Ford. (Duckworth & Co. 7s. 6d.)

This is a continuation of *Some Do Not*, and the same characters reappear. It is chiefly valuable as the record of impressions of a phase of life under actual war conditions in the field. Mr. Ford's style is somewhat cryptic, but to a careful reader his brusque and vivid phrases are capable of much meaning. In this book Christopher Tietjens is immersed in his duties in France. Part I., which is chiefly concerned with these matters, is somewhat uninteresting. With the arrival of Mrs. Tietjens in France in Part II. things liven up a bit, for Sylvia, as readers of *Some Do Not* may remember, is a woman whose creed of life is justification by caprice, for she gets no satisfaction from any thought or deed unless it is torn into shreds by a thousand conflicting inversions. And so in Part II. she enjoys the literal satisfaction of seducing her husband, and likewise arranging matters so that he may appear as an intruder in her bedroom. Sylvia is really capricious in a thoroughly disinterested and single-minded fashion, and, of course, no one can

understand her, and commotion prevails. Part III., in which the General and Tietjens try to settle affairs, is really a remarkably-written psychological study of the war-muddled morals of the upper English classes during the days of the Great War.

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PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR. By Hugh Walpole.
(Macmillan & Co., London. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Walpole does not seem to know exactly how to regard this child of his imagination. It is plain that he likes it, but he is uncertain what to call it. "It is a romance," he says in the preface; a few lines later: "I hope then, and I believe, that this tale is 'readable' at least. I know no more than that what it is—fancy, story, allegory, what you will." And again: "This is a tale, and nothing but a tale." Well looked at as fairly as possible, it is undoubtedly a readable, pleasant, fantastic story. There was the possibility of making it unpalatably, thrillingly terrible. But Mr. Walpole's faculty of inventive horror was not strong enough. Perhaps he didn't want to. In any case, he allowed himself to be inveigled into a very ambitious programme for the spiritual development of his hero, though I don't think he had this definitely in mind when he began writing, for in the course of a single night this character changes from an idle, drifting, exclusive dilettante into a man with democratic sympathies, capable of self-sacrificing unselfishness, and able to face the coming of certain and imminent physical torture without a qualm.

All things are possible in art, but I don't think Mr. Walpole has achieved the impossible here. All he has done is to place upon his tale a burden too heavy for it to bear. I think the story would have run much more freely if it had been released from the tension of the moral reformation motive. Mr. Walpole gives us the right eerie atmosphere in the opening chapters, but with the introduction of the red-haired lunatic he plunges into sheer, stark realism, and he has not succeeded in combining these divergent elements. But, nevertheless, through his veil of pleasant and gracious writing there is always the feeling that he has felt a shadowy touch of a permanent malignity somewhere in the universe; but it has not disturbed his artistic equanimity. This indication of the condition of Mr. Walpole's consciousness is a much more interesting fact than his story.

ESSAYS AND SOLILOQUIES. By Miguel de Unamona. (Harrap & Co., London. 8s. 6d.)

I think that any individual who has at any time caught a glimpse of fundamental truth leaps to the expression of a similar experience in another, no matter what the form of utterance may be. Miguel de Unamona may baffle our attempts to get a close apprehension of his thought, but there cannot be the least possible difficulty in realising that his writings are permeated with the ardent irradiation of a vital personality, to whom truth is the one thing worth pursuing in life. But there is more than this in *Essays and Soliloquies*; there is the undeniable attribute of the artist, the evidence that the writer has moulded his matter so as to give the essential, imperative, and right form to his conception. The essay entitled "The Sepulchre of Don Quixote," even in its admirable English translation, gives the unique touch, known only to the artist-thinker, of the re-creation of age-long truth into new, vital, convincing beauty of expression. And expression with Unamona means more than a thing of the passing moment. With him true expression is linked up inseparably with the idea of eternity. Contemplating the Tower of Monterrey in the essay of that title he writes: "This tower of mine tells me that he who says himself remains for ever too. It matters not, my soul, what you say, if you say yourself. For what art thou but a phrase in the thought of God?"

Some of these essays deal with Spain, its national life and the intellectual character of the people. They are outspoken and highly critical, and full of insight, for Unamona allows nothing to prevent him from writing what he believes to be true. He is no prophet of peace. From one aspect he sees life as based upon a continual conflict between reason and faith, and if he could pin himself down to any particular mission he would probably admit that it is to arouse disquietude in the unthinking masses, to sling them into the pain of yearning for an immortality which is impossible of attainment.

His doctrine of incertitude as set out in the essay on "The Problem of Immortality" is interesting. Reason disproves immortality, he is quite sure about that. Reason denies, but from the despair that follows arises a clamorous inrush of desire. "And from this clash, from this embrace between despair and scepticism is born holy, sweet, saving incertitude, our supreme consolation." And he emphatically states that the complete certainty of either the annihilation of personal consciousness or the persistence of personal

consciousness after death would make life impossible for us. Uncertainty in these matters is the only possible guide. "Without this uncertainty, how could we live?" And in the cry of the man in the scriptures, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief," he finds evidence of "a faith that is based upon incertitude," and of the eternal contradiction that alone gives value to human faith.

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THE PROBLEMS OF MODERN MUSIC. By Prof. Adolf Weissmann. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 6s. net.)

It is very difficult to write about art satisfactorily, for the mission of art, though self-evident on general lines, is essentially elusive and incommunicable. An apprehension of any class of art kindles a vivid life for a moment out of all relation to normal life. And just because it lifts us to more ethereal conditions it is impossible to explain verbally, unless the experience is retranslated into art again through the medium of inspired language. We are mostly dead in ourselves till the breath comes and makes the within alive. Professor Weissmann is keenly alert to this. He has no desire to increase by his book the number of so-called "cultured" people who can classify and arrange, and recognise schools. Music is a living being to him, a matter of vital experience. And so, as he is not in any way concerned in cornering it for dissection, he writes about it just as one would expect a musician to do, capriciously, illogically, disjointedly; but, nevertheless, illuminatingly, feelingly, and with a pervading sense that he has really come into an intimate knowledge and realisation of its intangible reality. He covers a very wide range in this book, for though he is mainly concerned with the moderns, he finds it necessary for the correct atmosphere of his work to refer very frequently to the essential characteristics of the older musicians, from Bach downwards. The major portion of his book is devoted to individual studies of composers like Bruckner, Pfitzner, Uahler, Richard Strauss, Debussy, and Schonberg, and the strange power and charm of his work is that he actually can at times make the reader feel something of the characteristics of the music he is writing about.

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MRS. DALLOWAY. By Virginia Woolf. (The Hogarth Press, London. 7s. 6d. net.)

I feel I must jot down my impression of *Mrs. Dalloway* at once, for it will be very evanescent. I am sure that in twelve months,

should anyone ask, "Have you read *Mrs. Dalloway*"? I will not be able to remember. It is a study of the rambling, disconnected thoughts of a series of people in the course of a single day, and it is cleverly done and, at times, interesting, but without bite. It is the sort of book, I think, that must give more satisfaction to the author to write than the reader to read. Virginia Woolf has succeeded in making her method of writing pleasant, and no serious reader will find much difficulty in reading her book. The frivolous will know how to avoid it by instinct. But the main characteristics of the author's mind seem to me to indicate that she would realise herself better in more old-fashioned methods of writing.

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DUBLIN FRAGMENTS. By A. Peters. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. London: John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

Fragments is the exact description. Herein are collected tit-bits of social and political history, the kind of gossip that you might expect at Afternoon Tea or in a Freshman's Debating Club: pretentious, casual, amusing, airy trifles that keep far aloof from precision of statement, high above the deeps of erudition. Their first place of public appearance, the Dublin daily and weekly press, is their standard of information, the range of style. To the many thousands who are strangers in their own city, who do not wish to be wearied by the niceties of intricate scholarship and almost consequent dullness, our author will prove an entertainer.

If you walk beside this cicerone through the Dublin streets, and enter its noted public buildings, past and present, you will be told of the foam of what had once been thought and said, or alleged to be, of what has been or might have been, of Beauty and Talent, and Success, of the lights and shades of Fashion, of Food, of Amusement—in fact, of all those topics that eat up the interest and absorb the attention of the world and his wife, in all ages, in every clime. Here are wares, ladies and gentlemen, that will attract your eyes and woo your attention:

"Our Daily Bread," "Cost of Living in Dublin 100 Years Ago," "How Our Forefathers Shopped," "Dublin Letter Post in Olden Times." Their staple is like unto dancing, many-coloured bubbles on the surface of our city's past, the merry prattlings of hurrying, shallow streams.

This is one of the novelties preserved:

On day January the th, 1786.

BALL in the Ball-Room of Nobber,

By

Matthias Reilly, Musician.

Negus and Bottled Porter will be provided.

Admission to Gentleman - 5s. 5d.

Admission to Ladies - - 2s. 8d.

* * * *

Reilly would gladly provide Tea and Coffee, but flatters himself the Omission of them will be kindly excused on Account of the Difficulty of providing Cups, etc.

Reilly was a wise man in his generation! It is only a Pussyfoot who would drink —— (*Hush, Editor!*)

There are six illustrations—three coloured—and a map. It is a well-printed volume.

SEAN GHALL.

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GLEANINGS FROM IRISH HISTORY. By W. F. T. Butler. (Longmans, Green & Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

Every student of sources of Irish history will be thankful to Mr. Butler for reprinting those valuable papers from the archæological journals in which they first appeared. They represent a type of labour far too rare in Irish history: an intensive culture of one small area. It is by such work that the elucidation of our past will be accomplished some day. "The Lordships of MacCarthy Mór and MacCarthy Reagh, and Other Studies," would have been a more arresting and a wiser title. There is but a small band of living writers of Irish history who are worth reading. Mr. Butler's name is a name honoured among the pundits. Like its forerunner, *Confiscation in Irish History*, this work is characterised by deep and wide original research, precision of authenticated statement, fresh documentary evidence, and calm judgment.

It will be a permanent addition to every Irish historical scholar's bookshelf. That is high praise, well merited.

There is but one stereotyped opinion that can be dissented from, an important opinion: "Gaelic polity, weakened by incurable dissensions, went down before Tudor absolutism." Were the Gaels of XVIth century Ireland united as man was never united since the Fall, they would still have been crushed by the Tudors. The State

Papers, Henry VIII., attest that the preliminary steps taken to effect the conquest were economic, the control of our harbours and ports and of our shipping. James of Desmond and Shane O'Neill realised that without sea-power there was no hope of turning aside the Foreigners. England, having control of our chief strategic geographical positions, being mistress of our seas, and so able to limit, if not prevent, the adequate arming and feeding of the Irish, being equipped with the newest and most powerful ordnance of Europe, with a larger population, having the markets of the world open to her, was too mighty a foe. The envoys of Shane O'Neill and of his contemporary and ally, the Earl of Desmond, informed Philip II. of Spain of this elementary truth. We need not turn to Germany, Italy, France, or Scotland to find the same "incurable dissensions," the English at home and in Ireland exhibit the same "lawlessness," the same "dissensions." I wish our erudite writers would remember human nature and confine their judgments to the periods on which they have expert knowledge. The unprinted Irish State Papers, the proceedings of the English Star Chamber, the various English Quarter Sessions Reports, exhibit as warlike, as rowdy, as squabbling a people as even propaganda has depicted ours. A first-hand acquaintance with the sources of English history would forbid much of the *rameis* that masquerades as wisdom in ours.

There are nine excellent maps and a luminous pedigree.

SEAN GHALL.

